MISSIONARY MEMORIALS

Compliments of the season.

to

Miss Ethel M. Chandler

Dec. 25, 1908.

Mrs. J. C. Tilton.

Emily C. Judson

(*Fanny Forester.*)

EMILY C. JUDSON.

A Memorial.

By WALTER N. WYETH, D. D.,
PHILADELPHIA, PA.

I do not ask that Thou shouldst lift
My feet to mountain heights sublime,
So much as for the heavenly gift
Of strength, with which myself may climb;
Making the power Thou madest mine
For using, by that use, divine.

ALICE CARY.

PHILADELPHIA, PA.
PUBLISHED BY THE AUTHOR.
1890.

Dedication.

To "The Temple Builders,"

engaged in

Spreading the Gospel.

Very Sincerely,

The Author.

Electrotyped, Printed and Bound by
C. J. KREHBIEL & CO.
Nos. 248 and 250 Walnut Street,
CINCINNATI.

Prefatory Note.

IT is with the gratification that attends success, and with the pleasure which accompanies admiration of the subject, that the author adds this volume, the third of the series, to the Missionary Memorials already published. The acceptance which the former ones have enjoyed, and the completeness this one gives to the biographies of the trio of illustrious wives of Dr. Judson, assure for it as large a circulation as that of the others. Like those, it is an independent narrative; yet proper regard has been had for all the writings accessible concerning the subject. The author would mention, with peculiar admiration, the "Life and Letters of Emily C. Judson," by Dr. A. C. Kendrick, in which are found authentic letters and documents of much importance to the biographer.

There is a charm to such a character as that of Emily Chubbuck, and a lesson in her trying and eventful career that is of great value to the young, especially such as must cope with great difficulties if they would succeed in life. Her life presents a fine example of superiority to circumstances, and of loyalty and love for parents that needs to be emphasized and followed.

The missionary element of this beautiful character is worth noting, as showing how one with the right spirit

may be effective for good, in some way, on any field. Her development in this service came late but it was very rapid. Her mind was immediately engrossed with family cares, and this circumstance, with her coyness and illness, kept her back from public work to some extent, yet she performed much literary and spiritual labor in the mission, and endeared herself to the native Christians. For the time and opportunity given her she made a creditable record in the service. The author trusts that his readers will enjoy and be benefited by this story of heroism in humble life.

W. N. W.

No. 854 Union Street,
PHILADELPHIA, PA., April 1, 1890.

Contents.

——To rescue virtuous actions from the oblivion to which a want of records would consign them.

TACITUS—"*Use of History.*"

EMILY C. JUDSON.

I.

Foregleams—*PLACE AND PERSON.*

Better to stem with heart and hand
The roaring tide of life, than lie
Unmindful, on its flowery strand,
Of God's occasions drifting by.

WHITTIER.

Those jewels saved in heaven,
And the garnered prayers and tears,
All good for which he's striven,
Through weary, toilsome years,
Up in that world of rest
His monument shall be;
For the spring his finger pressed
Has moved eternity.

EMILY C. JUDSON,
"*Tribute to Rev. Daniel Hascall.*"

FAME is sometimes dual. A person and a place become united in reputation. While each may possess elements of superiority, and be mentioned alone, it often occurs that one derives note from the other, and that they are mutually helpful to a just renown.

The glen or height that impresses the observer as being peculiarly a product of God's skillful hand becomes the producer of a mind that is capable of seeing and describing it, and of giving wings to its name.

Scenery is a nurse of genius, while genius reveals its beauties to eyes not swift to discover nor strong to compass them. Cooper had his Cooperstown; while this picturesque village, nestling among the hills of central New York, became famous through him. In the same region of hills and lakes is Hamilton, of many years and excellent name, the seat of a well-known university and the nurse of piety and talent.

From University Hill, looking northward, the observer has a full view, at the first glance, of the lovely village of the plain. It is a fine mosaic of homes, reaching on the right and on the left to the limits of the plain, and variegated with abundant bristling evergreens and luxuriant maples. In summer its dwellings are shielded from the sun by the most affluent foliage. From the foot of the Hill it stretches northward, having an air of newness as it advances, and showing its growth most in the distance. It terminates at Woodman's Pond, a lovely circular lakelet, bayonetted about with pines and cedars, and just visible from the Hill, in which fowls and fishes play, and the silent stars mirror themselves in unruffled beauty.

On the right and the left, grand and graceful heights, like the extended arms of a giant, hold the town within the plain; approaching each other far to the north and taking the lake into their embrace. On their sunny slopes rest the quiet homes of contented people, who follow the herd and turn the sod for a moderate subsistence. At the base of each range a brook runs southward, meandering to the east and the west of University Hill and soon forming the Chenango, a river that threads the beautiful valley of the same

name, and with it widens and extends to the Susquehanna.

The sun has a cold atmosphere to withstand, and great eminences to surmount. It is late in bringing the day over the one summit, and early in its westering beyond the other. The sky arches this little world of Hamilton in something of an Arctic splendor, with its bearings firmly fixed on the circumjacent hills. Viewed at the great range which the position offers to the eye and which the magnitudes presented require, the scene is surpassingly lovely and impressive. It stills the tongue and awakens reverie.

And reverie is increased as the observer turns and looks upon the University buildings, in which, for generations, minds have been trained to do the world's work; and beyond the terrace upon which they stand, to the "form sublime," the monster hill, in the shadow of which they rest. This hill on the south, towering almost to the path of the sun and well-nigh hiding his winter march, contains immense supplies of rock and other valuable deposits of nature. But the most cherished treasures hidden in its bosom are the remains of men who served their generation by the will of God and here fell asleep. Here is the dust of Presidents—Nathaniel Kendrick, Stephen W. Taylor, George W. Eaton, Ebenezer Dodge—dust that gives sanctity to the ground in which it reposes, and adds lustre to the annals of the community. The cemetery, on the opposite side of the village, north, contains the remains of many who, as counselors and supporters of the workers on the Hill, form the complementary chapter

in the history of the locality. Some returning from life's work elsewhere have found their resting place there. One of these, with whom this volume is specially concerned, lies beneath a stone marked, with most appropriate simplicity,

Dear Emily.

Inwood and Woodland Height, with the serpentine path intervening and running from the buildings to the plain, and the Spear Home, each with its beautiful frontage and prominence, ranked among the old time attractions. Late improvements and growths impart to the several college eminences new grandeur and beauty, and the outlook from either, or the onlook from the town, gives to the beholder the thought of a provision for the ages.

On the farther side of these ranges, right and left, are places of interest. Of some, age is the most noticeable feature. Man has not found in all the opportunity that fully enlists his powers, while Nature has proven her independent force in stream and shrub and other elements of life. Villages barely sustain their visibility away from the throbbing world; but old Earth retains its identity, and thrives on.

This picturesque region of central New York, bounded according to the fancy of the viewer, has been a realm of intellect and a radiating center of moral power for a long time. It was settled in sequestered clusters, where inviting streams proffered power to the manufacturer and their sunny banks a margin of soil to the husbandman. The settlers came from the east, where school advantages were prominent, and

at once sought to create a corresponding atmosphere in their respective communities; and to this day not the common school alone, but likewise institutions of higher learning are found in proper distribution.

Hamilton is practically a center to this section. In age, in the beauty of its situation and improvements, and the character of its inhabitants from the first, it has unquestioned eminence. A century ago the sinewy New Englander found a home here, and from the time of his settlement his name has not ceased to go upon its annals, civil and religious. The town has been a pulsating heart and an imparting brain to the latitude and to the wide world. The sun has revealed its attractiveness and drawn it out into the highest expression, while itself has proved to be a sun of not a little power and wideness of shining.

To this locality came, a century ago, robust men of the Granite, Green Mountain and other men-producing states. They came to plant for God and their kind.

> "They took fire from Isaiah in bosom and brain,
> And embroidered the age on whose border they stood."

The thought of a school for the training of youth to perform superior service for the church and the world, and of founding it here, first took possession of their minds, and through them became a dominant idea throughout the region. They moved slowly, yet strongly. They gave a new atmosphere to the place; and those who breathed it drank early and deeply of their spirit.

Very soon the hills round about became resonant

with a new order of voices, which have not died away but rather have increased in number; and these have resolutely announced the Great Commission to the dwellers in the vales and on the hill-tops to this day. The joyful sound widened out into all the country. Old men began to dream dreams, such as they had not dreamed aforetime; young men saw visions, and sons and daughters commenced to prophesy. A man of Macedonia stood before them. Crying for help, he kindled their sympathies. An enlarged vision of the truth and a "famine of the word" occurred to the mind simultaneously and with wonderful effect. The first student in the new school, a spectre to some of the saints and a glad fruition to others, went up to the prophet's chamber that he might improve his gift of prophesy.*

Was it strange that a rising missionary force, in a period of missionary awakening, should deeply impress the people of God? In the institution the nascent missionary was the ideal student, as the minister was the ideal man. And how beautiful upon the mountains were the feet of them, as they proclaimed the good tidings and called upon a recreant church to send them on, over the seas, to the sunny climes of the Orient!

Was it strange that woman's alert mind should be reached by the teachings of her superiors, and reflection on the great truths in the foreground be awakened? With her active sensibilities the doctrines concerning the lost condition of the race, and the conse-

*Rev. Jonathan Wade, D. D., so long an eminent missionary in the East. He began his recitations, according to the undoubted tradition, in the sleeping-room of Professor Daniel Hascall.

quent duty of Christians to spread the Gospel, took firm hold of her heart. She became "wise-hearted," and spun and knitted and wove, and brought the varied products of her fingers to the Lord's treasury. Meantime the pioneer churches were revived under the new missionary impulse, and rude temples became glorious on account of the presence of the Shechinah.

What wonder, too, that woman's heart, even at that early day, should be touched with a peculiar sympathy for the work of missions as a personal privilege! The laborer was worthy of his help-meet, and the woman was worthy to participate in his "hire." Besides, there was a peculiar adaptedness in work for the heathen to arouse woman's nature, and to cause her to lay her energies under contribution and to risk her life in it; and this fact gave nerve to him who needed her spirit, joined unto his own, when about to place himself on the altar of missions.

Beyond the great ridge on the left, northward, lived some upon whom focalized an unusual interest; among them a young woman in the very humblest life, a bright but tremulous star in occultation. She eventually evinced such striking traits of mind that her name came to be woven into a fadeless chaplet upon which American readers delighted to bestow their praises. Her native hills became vocal with the verses of her girlish pen; the scenes of her childhood and first endeavors were rendered fascinating by her characterizations of them, while herself, poetic sprite that she was, became an object of sympathetic interest through a brilliant though brief career. Her piety pervaded her mental creations and savored her expe-

riences, whether in the buoyancy of health or "in the land of her affliction."

This character, of exceptional prominence, had a strange Providential leading, full of loving lessons and severe strains, and culminating in a sphere of honor and usefulness to which any pious heart might aspire as the goal of life. To glance at the placés where she lived and labored, and to collect the beams of her shining for the enlightenment of the youth of to-day, is the aim of this narrative. The girl and the woman, the author and the missionary—all tried and tempered in the school of adversity—will make up the instructive "true story" herein given.

II.

Morning—*CLOUD AND SKY.*

Oft have I sat, in moonlit hours,
Beside the brook where sweet wild-flowers
Perfumed the evening air;
Low drooped the alders, as to trace
Soft mysteries on the water's face,
And I was free from care.

LAVINIA R. CHUBBUCK.

Ill that He blesses is our good,
And unblessed good is ill;
And all is right that seems most wrong,
If it be His sweet will.

FABER.

EMILY CHUBBUCK was a "child of genius and song"; the first to awaken in her native hills an echo of praise to the strains of poetry and the beauties of prose, the creations of the place. Hers was a launch in the life of letters that exemplified a true independence of mind, as to both the character of the writing and its purpose. She was without antecedents to support her, and had not a shadow of prestige to make room for her; while her surroundings were a succession of obstacles that only the firmest fortitude, with the helping hand of God, could surmount. She stood alone in her community, in the solitude of her originality and fight with fortune.

She was born August 22, 1817, one mile and a half

south of the village of Eaton, and five miles from Hamilton, just beyond the range on the left. The little house of her nativity early disappeared, and her childhood was passed in another near by, built by her grandfather, "stuck in the side of the hill," and celebrated by her own pen as "Underhill Cottage." It was on a farm, with a trout-stream bordered by spotted alders running through it. The public road passed just above it, and its roof sloped down so nearly to the ground on the upper side that one might believe he could "step from the road to the tip of the chimney." "Alderbrook" ran below it, and "Strawberry Hill" rose just beyond. It was half-hidden in trees and shrubbery, with wild and cultivated vines clambering over it, and the old red rose and other sweet flowers of the age of simplicity exhaled their fragrance at the doors and windows. Amid the wilds of the glen, and along the murmuring stream, which gave name to the heroine's best writings, the entrancing "Alderbrook," the Chubbuck children spent their guileless years, and wove a bond of local and mutual attachment that never was in the least relaxed.

The parents, Charles and Lavinia R. Chubbuck, came from New Hampshire to the above locality, in 1816. They brought with them four children, and to this number several were added, making them "blessed" with children. They made their offspring heirs to poverty and disease; yet they endowed them with some superior gifts, and gave them a heritage of virtue amid the most exacting cares and the fiercest fight with circumstances. Both were intelligent, but

in some of the essentials to prosperity they were unequally yoked. The fine intellect of the mother contained the element of practical sagacity, but it could not compensate for the lack of that needful quality in the "head" of affairs; hence the comforts they once had were ere long wanting, and there was not the worldly wisdom to restore them. Things continued as they began; schemes failed, and the greatest efforts brought but the barest subsistence.

Emily came as the fifth child, "born for adversity," and, while sustaining a fragile constitution of her own, her time and place in the family brought upon her heart and hands the frailties that had been ripening in the older ones. Before she was fifteen years of age she had seen two of her elder sisters wither at the hearthstone, and had devoted to them the sympathetic powers of her own fragile being. Late in her career she embalmed them in an affectionate tribute entitled "My Two Sisters." The unity of the family was strengthened, doubtless, by means of the penury in whose relentless grip it was held. Emily evinced such a tender attachment to each member and such a sense of responsibility for all, that her girlhood was almost buried beneath the burdens she bore on their behalf.

Speaking of a period still earlier, she says: "I was an exceedingly delicate child, and my mother was often warned that she could 'have me with her but a short time.' I remember being much petted and indulged during my first years, and also being several times prostrated for a week or more after a day's visit with my little cousins. The first event of any impor-

tance which I remember is the conversion of my sister Lavinia, when I was about seven years of age."

When Emily was in her eleventh year, the family removed to Pratt's Hollow, a small village some miles to the northeastward, where there was a woolen factory. The poverty of the family continued, and it became necessary for this daughter, presumably better able to work than were her weaker sisters, to improve the opportunity for employment which the factory presented, and for which, perhaps, the change had been made. She says: "We were at this time very, very poor, and did not know on one day what we should eat the next, otherwise I should not have been placed at such hard work. My parents, however, judiciously allowed me to spend half my wages (the whole was one dollar and twenty-five cents per week) as I thought proper; and in this way, with numerous incentives to economy, I first learned the use of money." Penury is a severe master, yet its discipline in this case, beginning so early, may have wrought in her the element of thrift that soon began to appear.

The work given to girls, in the woolen-mills of fifty years ago, was the splicing of rolls; a monotonous work, devoid of interest, requiring fingers and not brains. And while it was satisfactory to those whose thoughts would not rise above their wages, it was drudgery to her, except as her mind was occupied with the pleasant thought that she was acting loyally toward those she loved, or with other thoughts equally elevating. As servile toil it was debilitating; and she testifies that during the first summer her principal remembrances were of "noise and filth, bleeding hands

and aching feet, and a very sad heart." She was too delicate physically, and of too fine a mould mentally and morally, to be insensible to the racket or in comfortable harmony with her surroundings.

And yet there was some compensation in the case; chiefly in the affluence of her own soul, which, even at that early day, rose and regaled itself in the higher sphere of thought and feeling. She could be superior to her work without despising or neglecting it. She could "mind her work," there was so little to be "minded," and still have the use of her faculties for such thinking as was congenial to her. However, to rise above weariness and dejection in such a place was not easy for a young girl who, like the flowers she so much loved, required the open air and genial sun.

The society in the factory, though not absolutely bad, was not so favorable to her character as the narrow circumstances of her poverty-stricken home. She says: "The girls were, most of them, great novel-readers, and they used to lend their novels to me, first exacting a promise that I would not tell my mother and sister." The novels of that day which were found in the small circulating libraries were mostly of one cast: consisting of exaggerated exhibitions of love, disasters or successes, and very naturally and properly were considered corrupting in their tendencies. The very term "novel" was felt to be synonymous with corruption, and the young who indulged in them secreted them from their parents.

The use of the imagination in alleviating the experience of rough realities in life is illustrated in this

case. Emily says: "When I had finished one (novel), I used to carry out the story, and imagine my favorite character going on, on—but it always would end in *death*. Of what avail, then, was the beauty? Of what use the wealth and honor? At other times, while at my work, I used to make a heroine of myself. My uncle Jonathan (who was lost twenty years before while on a voyage to India) would come home and make me an heiress; or my face, which people used sometimes to praise, would become so beautiful as to bewitch the whole world; or I should be a brilliant poetess (my verses were greatly admired by my brothers and sisters), and my name would be famous while the world stood."

This girlish fancy was not only a relieving trait in her hard life, giving lightness to an otherwise heavy heart, but it likewise contained a foregleam of what she actually would be. Hers was not the low appetite for gross details in a story and the thrill that follows; but, rather, a love for the realm of the imagination and a joy in peopling it with striking characters that should represent something true, beautiful and good. It was her mental "play-house" then, to be enjoyed amid her toils; it afterward became to her a sphere of noble service.

The factory ran by water, but the severe weather of that latitude often locked it in icy chains, and thus made a cessation of work absolutely unavoidable. On such occasions she aimed to occupy the "breathing spells" in improving her education by the use of such advantages as she had. Her journal states: "The ice stopped the water-wheel, and the factory was closed

for a few months. * * * * Entered the district school, and, I believe, acquitted myself to the satisfaction of everybody, my poor, sick sister especially. She had taken great pains with my education while I was at work in the factory, though, as we worked twelve hours a day, and came home completely worn out with fatigue, I was not a very promising subject." A little later: —"The factory re-opened, and I left school and returned to my old employment."

While Emily was yet quite young she came under the almost exclusive care of her oldest sister, Lavinia. The circumstance that led to this, added to intense sisterly affection for her as a sweet, promising child, was very sad, but also highly providential. Lavinia, a young woman of remarkable natural endowments, was brought to a bed of fatal illness, continuing perhaps four years. With strong resolution she maintained her place as the most responsible and serviceable daughter in the family, after being confined to her room; and one of her self-imposed and most enjoyable trusts was the guidance of little Emily.

With the hand of a mistress she taught the tiny maiden to be "mistress of dust-brush and poker," and she became the pet, nurse and companion of the invalid. And when "certain rhyming propensities" began to appear she took them in hand, selecting subjects, checking excess, and warding off laughing critics and evil prophets. She knew how not to crush a child, and how to minister to one that had "more ideas than language, and more feeling than either."

"But it was in the matter of religious training that

my sister made me most deeply her debtor," says Emily in after years. "As her own religious character developed and her faith strengthened, she set herself deliberately and earnestly to the task of enlightening my understanding and arousing my heart. She may have had her hours of darkness and despondency; but I knew nothing of them, and always saw her as a rejoicing, triumphant Christian." Her prayers at midnight, for which she rose habitually, made a deep impression on the "little satellite of a sister," who strove to awake and to keep her sleepy eyes open that she might hear them. "She opened the way to Christ so simply and so clearly that my baby conceptions have been the teachers of my riper years."

The still hand and the silent voice continued a formative power in Emily's life. The departed sister seemed ever with her, a bright example of womanliness, and whom to recall was to follow, as she followed Christ, in matters of the greatest moment.

Emily's religious experience thus began early. She states: "The first event of any importance which I remember is the conversion of my sister Lavinia, when I was about seven years of age. My little cot was in her room; and as she grew worse after her baptism, the young members of the church were in the habit of spending the night with her, partly in the character of watchers, partly because of a unity of interest and feeling. She and her visitors spent the greater part of the night in conversation and prayer, without any thought of disturbing so sound a sleeper as I seemed to be. I was a silent, sometimes tearful, listener when they talked; and when they prayed I

used to kneel down in my bed, and, with hands clasped and heart uplifted, follow them through to the end. I can not recall my exercises with any degree of distinctness; but I remember longing to go to heaven, and be with Christ; some moments of ecstasy and some of deep depression on account of my childish delinquencies. My sister used often to converse with me on religious subjects; and I remember on one occasion her going to the next room and saying to my mother, 'That child's talk is wonderful! I believe if there is a Christian in the world she is one.' For a moment I felt a deep thrill of joy, and then I became alarmed lest I should have deceived them. The effect was to make me reserved and cautious."

Her memoranda date her conversion at about this time; yet the current of the new life seemed to disappear beneath the sands, for the way was desert. For the most part she was destitute of the atmosphere and the attentions that such a delicate nature as hers requires in order to its blossoming and abundant fruitage. The only direct and effective influence noticeable was the reflective power of her sister Lavinia's mind as she neared the glorified state. She was fond of her, and was affected by her conversations and fineness of spirit. On one occasion, when the carding machine broke and she had an afternoon to herself, she spent all her little stock of money in hiring a horse and wagon to take "poor Lavinia out driving." She says:—"We spread a buffalo robe on a pretty, dry knoll, and father carried her to it in his arms. I shall never forget how happy she was, nor how Kate and I almost buried her in violets and other wild spring flowers. It was the last time that she ever went out."

Again: This was the day of poor Lavinia's death (June 23, 1829). They released me from the factory four days on this occasion, and O, how long they seemed to me! The first day she was in great agony, and I crept as much out of the way as I could, and scarcely moved. The next day she rallied, and took some notice of me; but the women (very many neighbors had come in) appeared just as busy and anxious as ever, and mother wept incessantly. Everything appeared strange and unnatural about the house, and I thought it must be unpleasant for her. She kissed me and told me I must be a good girl; but her voice sounded hollow and her lips were cold. I longed to do something for her, and remembering her extreme fondness for flowers, I went to a neighbor's and begged an apron full of roses. When I returned the house was still as death. I entered her room; they were kneeling around her bed, and no one took any notice of me. In a moment, however, she beckoned to me with her finger, and when I put the flowers on her bed she smiled. She tried again to turn her eye upon me, but it would not obey her will. She tried to speak, but her lips gave no sound. She lay quietly a few moments, then suddenly exclaimed, 'Glory, glory! my Father! Jesus!' and never breathed again. She was buried at Eaton, being a member of the church there.

Late in the same year the family made another change, on which hinged some new developments in Emily's life. It was a removal to a farm in the vicinity of Morrisville, the county seat. Here they had "plenty of plain food," but suffered greatly from cold. "The house was large and unfinished," she says, "and the snow sometimes drifted into it in heaps. We were unable to repair it, and the owner was unwilling. Father was absent nearly all the time distributing

newspapers; and the severity of the winter so affected his health that he could do but little when he was at home. Mother, Harriet and I were frequently compelled to go out into the fields and dig broken wood out of the snow, to keep ourselves from freezing."

She was now about fourteen years of age, and though she "went to the district school as much as she could," circumstances were adverse to her development, except for the fact that she was one whose genius for advancement could not easily be repressed. The spiritual side of her life, not less than the mental, engaged her attention as opportunity for its improvement was presented; and now such an opportunity was at hand. And we can not do better than to introduce some extracts from her own writing, showing her experience; for while they reveal the genuineness of her exercises, the peculiarities of the narration give to it some added relish. It was the first of the year 1830.

There was a revival of religion among the Methodists in the immediate neighborhood, and one evening, at a meeting, those who wished the prayers of Christians were requested to rise. It was something new to me, and I trembled so that I shook the seat, and attracted considerable attention. A girl near me whispered that I had better arise—she was sure she would if she felt as I did; and a class-leader came and took me by the hand, so that I succeeded in getting upon my feet. After this I attended all the class-meetings, and thought it a great favor to get talked with and prayed for.

A "three days' meeting" was commenced by the Baptist church of Morrisville and we all attended. The revival among the Methodists had previously prepared our minds, and Harriet, especially, was deeply affected. This

meeting was followed by a similar one in the Presbyterian church, not one hour of which was lost to Harriet and myself. A great many young persons were added to both churches; among the most joyful of whom was my sister Harriet. They baptized her, while I looked on almost broken-hearted. We joined two weekly Bible classes at the village (a mile distant), and attended all the meetings we could hear of, walking when father was away. When he was at home, though ever so much fatigued and ill, he was too happy to see us interested in religious things not to go with us. I recollect feeling myself very heart-heavy, because the revival had passed without my being converted. I grew mopish and absent-minded, but still I did not relax my efforts. Indeed, I believe my solemn little face was almost ludicrously familiar to worshipers of every denomination, for I remember a Presbyterian once saying to me, as I was leaving the chapel, after having, as usual, asked prayers: "What! this little girl not converted yet! How do you suppose we can waste any more time in praying for you?"

In the spring Emily commenced taking lessons in rhetoric and natural philosophy; also in English composition, from a lady who "had read novels till her head was nearly turned," and, what was much worse, had imbibed infidel sentiments, and was quite forward to introduce the prominent authorities to the youth under her instruction. Emily was much injured by her sentiments, and felt her confidence in the Bible weakening and her religious impressions fading. This woman "was a great admirer of the misanthropic school of poetry; Byron, especially, she was always repeating, and used actually to rave over his Manfred. When she mounted her stilts I always trembled," she con-

tinues, "for though fond of being with her, I still feared for her."

The seeming wisdom and affection of the person made the snare more alluring to one of Emily's taste and talent, and she was almost drawn into it. Only by maintaining her devotional habits did she escape. This constancy, with faithful attendance upon public worship and continuance in the Sunday school and Bible class, was both an assurance of her safety and an evidence that she had actually found the refuge in God and loved it well. The partial paralysis produced by her teacher's infidelity was more than counter-balanced by supplies of Divine Grace.

III.

Ephemera—*HOME AND HEALTH.*

So in the Temple of the Ages, builded
Out of men's lives, it comes to every one
Some day to find there is no work so noble
As that which love hath done.

CARLOTTA PERRY.

O happy earth! O home so well beloved!
What recompense have we, from thee removed?
One hope we have that overtops the whole—
The hope of finding every vanished soul
We love and long for daily, and for this
Gladly we turn from thee and all thy bliss,
Even at thy loveliest, when the days are long,
And little birds break out in rippling song.

CELIA THAXTER—"*Compensation.*"

AFTER a year on the farm the Chubbucks removed into the village of Morrisville. Failure at farming, though not surprising, affected domestic affairs quite seriously, and again turned Emily to servile labor away from home. The family took a little old house on the outskirts of the place, which, she says, was "the poorest shelter we ever had, with only two rooms on the lower floor, and a loft, to which we ascended by means of a ladder. We were not discouraged, however, but managed to make the house a little genteel, as well as tidy. Harriet and I used a turn-up bedstead,

surrounded by pretty chintz curtains, and we made a parlor and dining-room of the room by day." And thus having compelled grim Penury to yield something agreeable, the children sought ways for earning pittances to keep up the family. Some went to school, but most of them to some manual employment. Harriet, who "had a knack at twisting ribbons and fitting dresses," took in sewing; while Emily "got constant employment of a little Scotch weaver and thread-maker, at twisting thread."

In a few months a new academy opened in the village and Emily became a pupil; but she was still held for a "tale" of work. "As soon as I came home at night," she says, "I used to sit down to sew with Harriet; and it was a rule never to lay the work aside until, according to our estimation, I had earned enough to clear the expenses of the day—tuition, clothing, food, etc."

After the first term of school closed she lost no time in going again into the employ of the thread-maker. Here, too, fingers were required and the mind left free; and there she stood, solitary, all day long, turning a little crank, and entertaining herself with whatever occurred to the mind. The religious element being uppermost in her being she readily turned to the sentiments and books of the skeptical teacher; and she felt that she must have satisfaction in regard to them. She puzzled her friends with arguments that showed wrong tendencies; drew the "Age of Reason" from the town library and pored over it secretly, taking notes. Her father discovered her notes and, pale and trembling, showed them to her; but she quieted his mind as to the consequences.

Another year passes and the family makes another change, to avoid suffering in the approaching winter. This time a nice house was selected in a pleasant part of the village, with a view to taking academy boarders. A great number of boarders came, causing a great deal of work. Emily again went to school, but she was obliged, as before, to help at home. She would arise on Monday morning at two o'clock and do the washing for the family and boarders before nine; and on Thursday evening would do the ironing. Saturday, helped to do the baking, in the half-day in which there was no school. Took sewing of a mantua-maker, to fill up bits and ends of time. Her class-mates were older then herself, with one exception, and having been free to study all their lives they had an advantage which Emily felt keenly; and in order to keep up with them she robbed her sleeping hours, usually studying until two o'clock in the morning, and then read French and solved mathematical problems in her sleep.

Very naturally her health failed, and the question arose as to what should be done with her. The mother thought she might make millinery a lucrative business, but she revolted. She was willing to do menial labor, temporarily, in factory or thread-mill, but to devote her life to making bonnets—this was something to which the "divinity within" would not for an instant consent. She was but fifteen years old, yet she had reached a point where she must see her calling and decide for herself. The readiest vocation to one inclined to books was teaching, and this, then as ever, was a portal to original literary pursuits.

But here was the old obstacle—pinching want at

home, requiring her assistance; with a felt need of better qualification for teaching and inability to secure it. Boarders had not proved profitable; her father had lost a mail-route by being underbid, and her health seemed to be broken. Another year in school might kill her, and she must think of something else. Her mother spoke for a position for her at sewing, and as she was expert with a needle she was able to make good terms. But there was a revolt in her inmost being at the thought, not of working with her hands but of being severed from intellectual relations and pursuits. She "cried all night."

Before resuming the thread of her religious experience, the reader must see her in the interesting *role* of teacher—"school ma'am." It will thus be learned what sort of "stuff" she was made of, and how to account, in part, for the brilliant success she achieved.

It was not a trifling matter half a century ago for a sensitive girl of fifteen to undertake the work of teaching, particularly in the country. It was trying to determine upon this occupation without qualified friends to advise, and more so to hold it successfully with few or none to sympathize. The people lived in a rude way, and the teacher could not choose a home from among them, but must board with all, subject to weekly change and inequality of distances from her work. There were scarcely any entertainments in these homes, either intellectual or social, and in many cases she must be completely engulfed in family affairs, with no enjoyment except such as comes from hearing stories of pioneer life, at evening time, with the plucking of a few roses in the morning and walking

back to school. The school-houses were constructed as cheaply as possible, with no provision for persons of taste, if, indeed, there was any thought for health—for the lungs and spines of small or great. The location must be central, even if in the middle of a farm, and such a thing as grading, planting trees, or even making doorsteps was scarcely contemplated.

Emily Chubbuck was determined to earn the means with which to defray at least her share of the family's expenses, and to do so by some kind of intellectual effort. She had taken fire from Lavinia's ambitious nature. It would be a hardship at best, and the school was the right arena, as she believed, for one of her years and limited qualifications. People had not, as yet, however, ceased to estimate fitness to "keep school" as very largely physical; because the rustics were to be "kept" as well as taught. But, not to anticipate, the following items from her own inimitable account best depict her initiation into her new vocation, and some of her subsequent experiences. Beginning April 6, 1832, when she was less than fifteen, her diary states:

"Went to Mr. B., my academy teacher, and, after some awkward hesitation, ventured to ask if he thought me capable of teaching school. 'Yes,' said he, 'but you are not half big enough.' He, however, gave me a recommendation and promised to keep the matter secret.

* * * "Told mother I wanted to make the F—'s a visit, which she was pleased to hear, as they lived on a farm, and she thought a little change would do me good.

* * * "Father carried me to the F—'s before breakfast; a drive of about two miles. As soon as he had left me I inquired if their school was engaged. It was; but the J. district had not yet obtained a teacher, they thought. I took a short cut across the lots, and soon stood trembling in the presence of Mr. J. He was a raw-boned, red-haired, sharp-looking man, in cowhide shoes and red flannel shirt. 'Is your school engaged?' I timidly inquired. He turned his keen, gray eye upon me, measuring me deliberately from head to foot, while I *stood as tall* as possible. I saw at once that it was not engaged, and that I stood a very poor chance of getting it. He asked several questions; whistled when I told him my age; said the school was a very difficult one, and finally promised to consult the other trustees and let me know in a week or two. I saw what it all meant, and went away mortified and heavy-hearted. As soon as I gained the woods I sat down and sobbed outright. This relieved me, and after a little while I stood upon my feet again, with dry eyes and a tolerably courageous heart. I went back, though with great shamefacedness, to Mr. J., and inquired the way across the woods to Mr. F.'s, which I reached soon after sunset. Here I found my old friend, C. F. (the skeptical teacher), and others of the family, very glad to welcome me; and without stating my errand I went to bed, too tired and anxious to be companionable.

* * * "Told C. F. my errand, and she at once volunteered to go to the trustees with me and do what she could in my behalf. When we arrived at Mr. D.'s she spoke of the Morrisville Academy, in-

quired if they knew the principal, Mr. B——, and then presented my recommendation, which I had not ventured to show the day before. Mr. D. was pleased; said he had heard of me, and did not know of any one whom he should like so well for a teacher. He hoped his colleagues had engaged no one, but did not know, as Mr. B. was the acting trustee. To Mr. B.'s we went, a frank, happy-looking young farmer, with a troop of children about him, and made known our errand. 'Why, the scholars will be bigger than their teacher,' was his first remark. 'Here, An't, stand up by the school-ma'am and see which is the tallest; An't is the blackest, at any rate,' he added, laughing. He would not make any definite engagement with me, but said I stood as fair a chance as anybody, and he would come to the village next week and settle the matter. 'You have got it,' said C. as soon as we were out of the house. I was not so sanguine, but I was too far from home to think of going further, and so I had nothing to do but to wait.

* * * "Left the F.'s, and without seeing the F—'s again, walked home, a distance of three miles and a half.

* * * "Mr. B. made his appearance, and announced to mother (much to her surprise and a little to her embarrassment) that he had come to engage her daughter to teach school. We were told that they never paid over six shillings (seventy-five cents) a week, besides boarding; and though I could earn as much with the milliner, and far more at twisting thread, we were all very happy in the arrangement. Mother had intended putting me with Miss B. only for

want of something better, and now she was highly pleased, particularly with the ability I had shown to help myself.

* * * "On the first Monday in May father took me in his wagon to Nelson Corners. The school-house was a little brown building on the corner, all newly cleaned and in good repair. About twenty children came, some clean, some pretty, some ugly, and all shy and noisy. I got through the day tolerably well, and after school went to Mr. B.'s. I was to "board round," and so took my first week with the leading trustee.

"The first evening at Mr. B.'s passed off tolerably well; but I was very timid and not very fond of visiting, and I had neglected to provide myself with either work or books. The B.'s were not a reading people; their whole library comprised only a Bible and a Methodist hymn-book, and there was not a newspaper about the house. I had been trained in habits of the severest industry, and before the end of the week was completely miserable. I had no congenial society, nothing to do, and I had intended, when I left home, to be absent six weeks. I was downright homesick, and after the third day could neither eat nor sleep. On Saturday I closed my school at noon, and, without taking leave of the B.'s, hurried away over the hills to Morrisville. I think there was no happier being on earth than I when I bounded into the old dining-room; and I wept and laughed together all the evening. On Monday morning father carried me back in his wagon, and after that he came for me regularly every Saturday night, and left me at the school-house Monday morning."

After the usual term of three months the school closed, and Emily returned home, feeling that though she had filled her engagement creditably, she had been much less industrious than in former periods; meaning, doubtless, that not to hazard health and life in a determined war with want was to be comparatively idle. Her lack of advantages out of school hours was, perhaps, the cause of some inactivity. Yet there were other elements in her being than the intellectual, and she had other thoughts than those on pedagogy.

During the year just reviewed she had a constant experience with religion and a view of death, and was much affected thereby. From the time of the revivals in Morrisville she had been under the discipline of the Spirit and was a pliant subject.

Prominent among the influences that had moulded the girl-life of Emily were the conversion and death of the two sisters already mentioned, and some circumstances related thereto. The Chubbuck home, so lowly, had ever been "the resort of very pious people, and a favorite home for Hamilton students"; and it was more so after the daughters became Christians. Emily was permanently impressed by several, whose society was very improving. "We were," she says, "also well supplied with choice books, a luxury which, even in our deepest poverty, we never denied ourselves; for we had been taught from our cradles to consider knowledge, next after religion, the most desirable thing, and were never allowed to associate with ignorant and vulgar children."

Her sisters charmed her by their personal and Christian traits, and she had no inclination to look

elsewhere for good society. The bond of sympathy in her humble home was of the purest and strongest type; rendered so by the precious power of the Christian religion. Her sister Harriet, six years her senior, "was very beautiful in person and fascinating in manners, and for a time was the pride of the family. After her conversion, less than a year previous to her death, her natural gayety was to a great extent subdued; and so beloved had she rendered herself that her death, which was sudden, threw a gloom over the whole community, and the funeral services were disturbed by sobbings from different parts of the house."

This sister was greatly exercised in reference to the subject of missions and consecrated herself solemnly to this cause—"had made a vow which nothing but death could break." This fact she had in strict confidence told to Emily, and it must have greatly influenced her mind. And at about the same time, while splicing rolls in the factory, she had received an impulse from another source, described by herself as follows:

One day I took up a little, dingy, coarse newspaper—the *Baptist Register* in its infancy—and my eye fell on the words: "Little Maria lies by the side of her fond mother." I had read about the missionaries, and my sister had told me respecting them; I knew, therefore, at once, that the letter was from Mr. Judson, and that his little daughter was dead. How I pitied his loneliness! And then a new train of thought sprung up, and my mind expanded to a new kind of glory. "No," thought I, "though the Burmans should kill him, I will not pity him; and I—yes, I will be a missionary." After this I had my romantic dreams of mission life; but they were of a different cast—of suffering

and toil and pain; and though they, like the others, ended in death, somehow death in such an employment came pleasantly. I read the "Pilgrim's Progress," and thought of the golden city; then I read the Bible more, and novels less.

Years after the above occurrence she said to an intimate friend: "I have felt ever since I read the memoir of Ann H. Judson, when I was a small child, that I must become a missionary. I fear it is but a childish fancy, and am making every effort to banish it from my mind; yet the more I seek to divert my thoughts from it, the more unhappy I am." Is there the least unnaturalness in this experience?—anything in the mode of receiving a missionary conviction that has not been common to those who have laid themselves on the altar of missions? The fall of a soldier on the field of missions has acted quickly and powerfully, ofttimes, on the mind of such as were inquiring, "Lord, what wilt thou have me to do?" and more than once been the immediate means of decision in favor of the foreign work. The very danger and sufferings experienced have kindled sympathy and caused recruits to fill the ranks. Even the sentiment of romance, in such as have at first been influenced by it, has given way to a healthful spirit of obligation and of consecration, instead of being an obstacle to it. Awakening in any manner brings inquiry, and inquiry leads to impressions of duty.

That Emily was not idly dreaming, and that she had views of missionary work that were far from being visionary, is evident from the fact that she early began to qualify herself for it, and without guide or in-

structor. While standing alone in the thread-maker's house, turning a little crank, she improved the solitude and relieved the dull monotony by reflecting upon the books she had been taught by the infidel teacher to read. "If I was to be a missionary," she reflected, "which vocation I had never lost sight of, I must understand how to refute all those infidel arguments, and I now set about it with great earnestness." While it was somewhat presumptuous for such a young Christian, one who had not yet sought the support of the church by uniting with it, to enter the atmosphere of infidelity and steep her untrained mind in the arguments of such lights as Voltaire, Rousseau, and others, she, nevertheless, showed her sense of the need of proper preparation for strife with the powers of darkness. Being apt and quick to learn, it is not improbable that she made too much headway to justify the reader in smiling at her youthful venture.

A year later, after her first school was closed, she had attained a girlish popularity which proved somewhat detrimental to her piety. She was not conscientious in the discharge of her religious duties, and began to like attention and praise. She had been under the influence of the lady teacher mentioned, and was intimate with some families of gay young people. Besides, she gives no intimation of having enjoyed ministerial or other religious watchcare and counsel.

Still later by a few months she was again pursuing her studies in the Academy, though, on account of her attention to her personal appearance, she did not advance as rapidly as before. A dancing epidemic broke out, and Emily easily became one of its victims. Then

there followed a prospect of dissension and division in the family, on account of her determination to learn to dance. But when she saw that the matter was likely to prove a serious grievance to her parents she dropped it, and forever.

She was now in her sixteenth year. Independence of mind had developed quite rapidly, and she even thought, as she had her own fortune to make, that she ought to obtain a boarding-place and follow her own plans ; but her parents persuaded her to desist from doing "so wild a thing." In her seventeenth and eighteenth years she taught in Morrisville and Smithfield. And meantime there was a resumption of her religious thoughts and a renewal of early impressions, with most important results. Her hope now became a joyful one, and a purpose was formed in her heart to consecrate her life to the service of the Lord.

IV.

New Arena—*SCHOOLING, "TRIPPINGS."*

Too much of joy is sorrowful,
So cares must needs abound;
The vine that bears too many flowers
Will trail upon the ground.

ALICE CAREY.

O feeble, mighty human hand!
O fragile, dauntless human heart!
The universe holds nothing planned
With such sublime, transcendent art.

HELEN HUNT JACKSON.

IN the summer of 1834, her seventeenth year, she offered herself to the Baptist church at Morrisville and was accepted. Rev. William Dean, D. D., a native of that place and familiar with the youth of the community, as a school-teacher, was at this time serving the church and awaiting his departure as missionary to China. He says: "Before leaving the country I had occasion to baptize some dozen or fifteen young persons in my native town, and Emily Chubbuck was among the number. In conversation, during her serious impressions, she was not communicative, but in answer to questions gave clear views of sin and her sole trust in the atoning sacrifice of Christ for salvation. In relating her experience before the church she discovered her accustomed coy manner, but gave

satisfactory proof that she had been renewed by the spirit of God."

And now that she was fully the Lord's, her sense of duty to His cause grew intense. She became sensitively alive to the condition of the world He came to redeem. In her tenth year she had "romantic dreams of mission life," but these had disappeared like the baseless fabric of a vision and she now stood on a footing of loyalty to Jesus Christ. The feeling of destination to be a missionary had changed from fancy to conviction, yet at no time had it left her.

In the years immediately following, her literary aspirations were developing and coming into notice. She had formed the purpose, partly from motives of necessity, to earn the means for the comfort of her parents and the education of the younger children, and had planned the method—the use of her pen. Mark, then, the genuineness of the missionary conviction, which abode with her while the desire to realize her plans was struggling for supremacy and when the incentives to a missionary career had few advocates. For the most part her conflicting emotions were hidden from public view. Yet "she never heard a sermon preached, or opened her Bible to read, without feeling condemned, conscious that her Savior's requirements were in direct antagonism to her cherished purposes."

When about twenty years of age her feelings became so strong as to require relief—the relief that comes by means of free communication with another on the subject. She sought the leading minister of the vicinity, one in whom she could confide

as a friend, and whose judgment she had the highest reason to regard—the Rev. Nathaniel Kendrick, D. D., pastor in Eaton and theological professor at Hamilton. She could not go to him in person, so sensitive and diffident was she, and she addressed him by letter. The reply was characteristic of the times, when the way was dark, and of a sage divine looking from his retreat upon a delicate young woman who proposed to go into the mazes of pagan darkness to teach the Gospel. It was a recommendation to await the openings of Providence; a kind of advice that was even more convenient and plausible then than the same is now, but which generally serves in place of an adverse opinion.

Such advice, coming from a source that commanded her highest respect, had the effect it was calculated to have; it quieted her feelings for the time, yet without abating her conviction or desires as to the missionary work. It enabled her to feel justified in following the course upon which she had entered—to pursue the calling of a teacher and to try her hand at authorship; and thus, if possible, to provide in part for the support of the family. Her heart was specially set upon the education of the younger children and the purchase of a home for her parents.

That one in a family embracing two brothers older than she and parents in good health, should take upon herself such responsibility is evidence of want of confidence in their management or capacity. It also shows a full sense of the situation, beyond her years, with a very fine filial and sisterly affection. It does more: it proves that there were in her composition the ele-

ments that heroines are made of, and that God had raised her up for an important occasion. Holding her back from another cherished purpose, for the time being, enabled her to show that there are various spheres for heroines, and that fidelity in one is the best evidence of fitness for another and higher.

A still further lesson derived from the trying ordeal of this time is that of the possibility of becoming equal to emergencies, rising superior to circumstances and doing something noble in life. That the youngest of the children (save one) should undertake to meet, in large part, the expenses of a poor family, and she in such delicate health much of the time as to compel occasional relinquishment of her work, is something in the line of energy for American youth to consider. And when is added to this heavy task the project of cultivating her gifts in a special way, and of making the avails of such culture meet the demands for food and shelter, the heroine stands forth an object of admiration.

Emily had already passed from girlhood to young womanhood, having reached her eighteenth year. Two things had become firmly impressed on her mind: that she must work for "dear life," her own and her parents' living, and that teaching was the form of labor to be permanently adopted. She had chosen this calling as preferable to any other except that of a missionary, and she could pursue it and still "wait for the openings of Providence." Her choice and her destiny seem to have been in harmony, and she faced the future with both a serious and a satisfied mind.

She taught in Smithfield, an adjoining town on the

north, in a private family, where her first school was located, and also in Morrisville; all the while being in feeble health. As to experiences immediately subsequent, Dr. A. C. Kendrick, in the charming "Life and Letters of Emily C. Judson," remarks:

During the summer of 1837 Emily had charge of a school in Brookfield, where she presided over about an hundred pupils. Repairing thence almost immediately to Syracuse, she taught in this place until the following April. There seems to have been need of her utmost exertions. "Many family troubles during this winter"—thus runs her brief record—"failure in stage-coach business, the family removed to Hamilton, but returned in the spring; home lost, horses, coaches, etc., seized and sold at auction." Such emergencies proved the genuine gold in Emily's character. When all seemed crashing round her she stood and struggled with unabated courage, cheered the desponding spirits of her parents, aided with hand and counsel at home when aid was possible, and by her constant labors in school-teaching did all in her power to relieve the heavy burdens of the family. Her self-sacrificing generosity overlooked entirely her individual comfort. Her unrelaxed effort was expended upon those to whom she owed her life, and whose failing health and partially broken spirit caused them to lean largely upon her. Meantime her acknowledged ability as a teacher was securing an increased demand for her services in that calling.

There was no discharge from the war in which she had enlisted, and the satisfaction derived from the nobility of the cause in which her heroic struggles were put forth repaid her and caused her to love the service. Honor for her parents was loyalty to the King; and the more darkly the night set in about them, the

more searchingly did her faithful arms reach for them. Their fate was met by her free-will tribute of sacrifice, in a most marvelous union of the parents' trust with the daughter's love. Experience in life usually continues about as it sets in; and the keen foresight of Emily Chubbuck settled down in this conviction. She girded herself for a conflict with distress which she knew that no other member of the family could so successfully wage. And, being slender and frail in body, she met the responsibility by the force of mind.

It was her aim to combine business and culture. Teaching must be continued for the sake of the pay, though the maximum price was but "three dollars per week and board." Then her mental life must be enlarged; a necessity to her as teacher, and as an aspirant for the field of letters. She took the public school at Hamilton, and while there occupied her evenings in studying Greek, under a student from the Theological Seminary. She next opened a school at Morrisville, and there took private lessons in mathematics; a science in which she seemed expert when quite young.

Along with this work her fancy played, or labored in disguise. Her mind, while practical, was also imaginative, and it would, therefore, work with books or without them, and on almost any occasion or anywhere. Her moods seem never to have repressed her buoyant activity, nor weariness in school duties to have overcome the impulse to originate something of a literary character. Her early development embraced the talent for writing. Without guide or sympathizer she began to produce in prose and verse, and, like all young writers, sought a medium in the village paper;

an accommodating medium wherever found, and peculiarly accessible to home talent. The sensitive twinges of the "beginner," and the pliant nature of the magnate of the types, combined to form a tender chapter in village life in Emily's day.

She was now in her twenty-third year, and it could but be expected that her trials would show their natural effects and Time its inevitable wear, for the former began early and the latter does no relenting. She wrote a friend at this time: "The world has given me some heavy brushes; disappointment has cast a shadow over my path; expectation has been often marred and hope withered; the trials of life have distilled their bitterness; care has spread out its perplexities. * * Emily is *changed*." At the same time she adds: "All this has served to nerve up my spirits to greater strength, and add iron to my nature." Necessity for a resolute bearing prevented the heart giving way, even in the most trying moments. She felt "obliged to wear a smile to cheer her mother and sister."

Miss Chubbuck returns to Prattsville, where, as little Emily of eleven summers, already beclouded, she had spliced rolls, with "aching feet and a very sad heart." She takes a school there. As showing her clear perception of the situation and the conscious disagreement of her character with that of the scholars, she wrote the above friend: "Behold me, then, at the head of a little regiment of wild cats. Oh, don't mention it, don't! I am as sick of my bargain as—(pardon the comparison, but it will out)—any Benedict in Christendom. I am duly constituted sovereign of a

company of fifty wild horses, 'which may not be tamed.' Oh, Maria, Maria, pity me! But the half has not yet been told you." Here is the heroine again, at the head of her "regiment," fighting for the preservation of a humble hearth and for daily bread.

This school was almost ungovernable. The former teacher had been dismissed—an experienced one, and a married man—and it seemed to her to be well-nigh hopeless to expect a reformation in it. She accordingly broke down, after some three months, and remained unoccupied for about six months, when a way opened to her most auspiciously. Hers was a case, one of a larger number in this dark world than the average person discovers, in which merit meets its recognition in an unexpected time and manner. The patient performance of duty, fidelity in the "few things," was the straight road to promotion, as it now proved.

Miss Chubbuck had now reached the time and occasion for a change of scene. The new thread belonged to the web of her mysterious life, yet she had not discovered it. As it often occurs, it was left to another to point it out. Her genius could not be hid from the discerning, and such an one was a young woman of her own village who was securing an education at the Utica Female Seminary, a noted institution of its time. This friend had spoken of the position and promise of her associate to the principal of the school and secured her sympathy.

In keeping with a method adopted sometimes, and to a limited extent, Miss Chubbuck was admitted to the full privileges of the school, under agreement to

pay when she should have completed her course and obtained the means by teaching. This was an incalculable advantage to her, and, after such serious struggles, was fully appreciated. A Christian family, Mr. and Mrs. Sheldon and daughters, were in charge of the several departments, and they at once took a decided interest in their brilliant pupil, while the daughters formed an ardent attachment for her, which continued through life.

With this special improvement in her opportunities there still remained the inexorable realities beneath the roof-tree of her real home, thirty miles away. The members of the family became doubly dear to her through her anxiety and efforts on their behalf. Her heart was with them ever. And as she gained in mental power, which was readily estimated by her comparative standing in school, and was the more assured by the ease with which she mastered difficult problems, the suggestion of original writing occurred to her again with renewed force. Putting the two together—the love for her pen, and the needs at home—she felt that she must enter the arena of authorship; though, very likely, in a small way. She consulted Miss Sheldon, and then, by letter, her friend, already introduced, Mrs. Bates: "I have always shrunk from doing anything in a public capacity, and that has added a great deal to my school-teaching troubles. But, O, necessity! necessity! Did you ever think of such a thing as selling brains for money? And then, such brains as mine. Do you think I could prepare for the press a small volume of poems that would produce the desired—I must speak it—cash? * * * I some-

times think of home, and then I want to be with my parents and dear Kate; I sometimes think, too, of the past—a few past years. O Maria, how *did* I live?"

The second term she renewed her studies with such substantial hope as to justify some plans for writing. The publication of a volume of poems was abandoned, and by the advice of Miss Sheldon she began to use some time in writing other matter for the press. It was now not a play of pen with types, but a serious drive for dollars and cents; though careful to prepare nothing that would be objectionable to the most delicate moral sense. Her first production was "Charles Linn; or, How to observe the Golden Rule,"—a small book for children, and a success in its way, flattering to herself and her friends.

Miss Chubbuck, now an author, was before the public to be praised or to be impaled, according as, not merit only but charity or caprice might dictate. What if the weight of popular expression should be adverse? What then would become of the sensitive fledgling, who was just trying her wings, and what would become of that home before which the wolf continually lay?

The encouragement was quite gratifying, and the more so in that the appearance of her book was followed by an appointment as assistant instructor in the department of composition in the Seminary. But it was soon seen that she had undertaken too much. She broke down. She writes to her sister: "This morning I had a mammoth tooth extracted, and the rest are now dancing right merrily in commemoration of the event; so you must not wonder if my ideas dance in unison. Kate, you may be sick for aught I know—'dreadful

sick'; but scarce a particle of pity will selfishness allow me for you, for know that I too am an invalid. I am growing rich 'mighty fast,' I can assure you; rich alike in purse and brain, by—doing nothing. Do you not envy me? I wrote you that I could pay my way this term, study French, draw, and be allowed the use of oil paints. Well, first I dropped oil painting—it was too hard for me; then I threw aside drawing to save my nerves, and at last French was found quite too much. Afterwards I wrote a little, but have of late been obliged to abandon the pen entirely. What is to become of me I do not know." Such is the strain of the oppressed student, which, repeated along the years, makes the whole indigent student-class kin.

Turning again to the motives that sustained the exertions of this frail prodigy, we find her saying: "Were I certain of the most unparalleled success, without any other inducement than fame, I should lay down my pen forever, or take it up only for my own amusement. Necessity at present urges me to this exertion, and when the necessity is past, then is the work past also."

Only two weeks pass, after the above writing, and she is nervously going over the list of her efforts and of the various periodicals to which she is appealing for space. How justly flattered by the prompt appearance of a contribution to the famous *Knickerbocker Magazine!* How chagrined by the non-appearance of other productions in other monthlies! Such is the experience of young writers, and Miss Chubbuck could not be an exception, in an editor's choices, on the ground of either poor health or "necessity." But "Charles Linn" was an almost phenomenal success, and the

heart that went pit-a-pat from fear, when the manuscript was given to the printer, was now jubilant, as fifty-one dollars came to her empty purse.

As with other authors, writing was work, not play. The enjoyment of the pen was attended and followed by a "throbbing head and tingling nerves." In common with many, perhaps the majority of the "Knights of the quill," she had inspired moments, and these must be used, at whatever cost. Then there was the never-failing incentive, stronger than motives of self-preservation—the case of necessity at "the loggery." So, whether by noonday sun or midnight lamp, every particle of inspiration must be utilized. Dr. Kendrick gives the following incident, as one of many:

"As Miss Sheldon was at one time passing through the halls, near midnight, a light streaming from Emily's apartment attracted her attention, and, softly opening the door, she stole in upon her vigils. Emily sat in her night-dress, her papers lying outspread before her, grasping with both hands her throbbing temples, and pale as a marble statue. Miss Sheldon went to her, whispered words of sympathy, and gently chided her for robbing her system of its needed repose. Emily's heart was already full, and now the fountain of feeling overflowed in uncontrollable weeping. 'O, Miss Sheldon,' she exclaimed, 'I *must* write! I *must* write! I must do what I can to aid my poor parents.'"

Her hopefulness greatly increased upon the generous reception that her first book enjoyed, and now her pen flew at the top of its speed. She also widened her plans, sending for her sister Kate in order to give her the advantages of the school. That snug sum that

"Charles Linn" brought so promptly may have turned her head. A piece upon which she relied was declined, and she was dejected; and Kate, instead of being supported, had an invalid on her hands for a considerable time.

Miss Chubbuck ended her twenty-fifth year with a womanly character fully formed, and with caresses and honors thickening upon her. Several productions had been accepted by different publishers, and, though times were hard, hope ran high. She now contemplated the procurement of a permanent home for her parents, and in a few months she did so. Her biographer, in referring to this circumstance, says:

Miss Chubbuck spent the summer vacation with her parents in Hamilton, and while there performed an act which showed her readiness, in meeting the claims of duty, to go to the utmost limit warranted by prudence. She purchased for her parents the house and garden occupied by them in the village, for four hundred dollars, the debt to be discharged in four annual payments. It was an humble home; but as the precious fruit of a daughter's love it was to them more than a palace; and small as seems the sum to the eye of wide-spreading wealth, who shall say that the favor of Him who blessed the widow's mite did not rest upon the offering? She subsequently increased her indebtedness by nearly one-half the original sum in repairing and enlarging the premises. Emily felt that she was taking a step of some hazard, and calculating largely on the "coinable" capacities of her brain; but filial love could not take counsel of cold-blooded prudence in such a case; and having indulged in about the only kind of luxury in which she ever allowed herself, and furnished her aged parents with a *home*, she went back to Utica with fresh incentives to intellectual toil.

V.

Authorship—*A FRIEND IN NEED.*

Nature creates merit and fortune brings it into play.
LA ROCHEFOUCAULD.

Not in thy hand thy future life is hid,
But in His hand who rules the restless sea;
Not in a "star" rests that supreme decree;
But in His hand who guides that star amid
The hosts of heaven. He hides thy future way,
But leads thee, step by step, from day to day.
E. H. KEEN.

A SEMINARY magazine, such as is now regarded as a needed exponent of school-life and work, was at this time "agitated" and brought into being, with Miss Chubbuck as its editor. It ran its full course in one year, and brought no cash to the needy mistress of its columns. At the same time she had a valuable experience in connection with it; she was supreme in her realm, and was sure that she would suffer no dejection from "rejected manuscripts." She assumed various guises and performed literary feats in many a role. Meantime her little books were gaining in popular favor, even surpassing her expectations; but there was one feature of her enterprise that thus far did not realize handsomely—the financial. No amount of hopefulness could make her labor yield according to calculation, and ultimately the books wound up their "little day"; at least, before she was enriched by them.

The dear ones at Hamilton were justly proud of the token of Emily's love—their home—and every day renewed the gratitude of their hearts. She also derived great satisfaction from her investment, on account of the happiness it gave them, and hoped that her wisdom would finally appear to her credit. Yet there was the skeleton, *the debt*, constantly before her eyes, but with its repulsive features kept from their view. "Tell father," she writes to her sister, "there is but little hope of getting any money just now toward my payment on the place, but he must not be discouraged. I expect a windfall of some sort or other, though I can not for the life of me tell what, or where it is to come from.

"'The darkest day,
(Live till to-morrow), will have passed away!'"

That ghost, however, would not down at her smile nor at her bidding. "The debts which she had incurred hung upon her as a heavy weight; and the expedients to which she was driven by the desperate state of her affairs proved mostly failures. Her articles sent to different journals were returned, or thrown silently, and probably unread, under the editor's table. Nothing but the irrepressible buoyancy of a most elastic nature prevented her heart from utterly sinking, and it needed all the encouragements of sympathizing friendship, and all the stimulus of necessity to prevent her from renouncing forever the baffling pursuits of authorship."

Her religious life at this time does not appear, to any marked degree. She is so perplexed and embarrassed by posing before the critical world as an author,

and by the disappointments resulting from it, that the better elements of her life do not come to the surface. Still, it will be observed that she was free from every form of complaint that might have been construed as murmuring against Providence. The hand of Wisdom was all the while heavy, yet she sinned not nor charged God with folly. Though far from being reconciled to men (publishers in particular), her reconciliation to God was undisturbed. In all states and moods her mind was trustful, her pen devout and playful; and to abide in a Savior's love amid such repeated wrecking is an evidence of decided piety, requiring no proof of a demonstrative sort. Her experience, in fact, was qualifying her, by a process of induration, for something further, and was prophetic of its coming.

A new and an exciting circumstance now awaits the young writer, as yet scarcely dignified by the name of *author*. Though her career was full of the unexpected, yet she was quite certain as to one thing—that her luck would be ill luck. She had a smile from Fortune in being admitted to the Seminary, but the monotony of hardships continued. Her piety, though remaining unalloyed, was but partially manifest during the time in which her powers were centered upon her "maiden efforts," and her mind excited in reference to the attitude of the reading world towards them. However, a serious concern as to her success did not quench the love of Christ in her heart, nor obliterate her missionary impressions.

The time had come for an "opening of Providence," and such an one as she did not anticipate. While alternating between hope and despair, the most

to be expected was regular employment as an obscure or anonymous writer, and such an engagement she now had as contributor to the *Columbian Magazine*. But a surprising sun-burst awaited her. It came as light generally comes, while in the way of fidelity, and while testing an honorable method of income.

In the spring of 1844 she, with her bosom friend, Miss Anable, made a trip to New York, the "emporium of trade and the city of sights." Broadway was then the great street of this country, and an opportunity of strolling on its sidewalks and peering into its marvelous show-windows was as the dawn of a new day in the life of the observing school-girl. The beautiful goods on exhibition charmed her eye and imaged themselves on her mind, so that the "show" remained with her long after she returned to her home. But to see them was not enough; she must possess some of them, else her trip would lack its supreme satisfaction. To get them—ah, that was the tug!

In about two months after her return her fertile mind reached a contrivance for obtaining the goods, that promised a little, though but a little success. She could not use the money that was imperatively demanded for other things, but there were her brains! —yes, the same that had failed to find a market many a time. Another trial might be made, and hope and desire combined to start her faculties into intense activity. We will quote her admiring biographer:

The *Evening Mirror* was at this time flourishing in New York, under the editorial conduct of George P. Morris and N. P. Willis. In June, after her return, while the splendors of the metropolis were still fresh in her fancy,

with her own timid figure stealing along Broadway beside that of her more world-experienced friend, Emily, in an hour of frolic sportiveness, addressed a letter, half-playful, half-serious, to these gentlemen, intimating her great desire to become the possessor of one of those "balzarines" and "neapolitans" which the shops of Broadway paraded in tempting luxuriousness, and delicately hinting that she would like to make the columns of the *Mirror* the means of procuring the funds which the shop-keepers were impertinent enough to ask in exchange for their commodities. The letter purported to come from a country maiden making a brief sojourn in the city, and bore the suggestive signature of *Fanny Forester*. Its elegant playfulness attracted the attention of the editors of the *Mirror*. "The dip of their divining rod," as Mr. Willis felicitously expressed it, "detected the neighborhood of genius." They saw under its light and sportive garb indications of a vigor and force of intellect that might raise their possessor to a high place in the walks of literature. They were indeed a little mystified by the latter, and at a loss to determine whether the writer was really the naive and unsophisticated child of nature that she gave herself out for, wantoning in the creations of a genius that was just revealing itself to her virgin consciousness, or a veteran and wily spinster; a practical magazinist, who had trained herself to that last perfection of art which shows as perfect artlessness.

The letter thus had its desired and designed effect. It stands to her credit as a piquant and cogent writer of pleasantry that it was not thrown aside, as anonymous or *nom de plume* communications generally are. It did not gain acceptance by recommendation, nor by the magnetism of the author's personal presence, nor by the hope that the paper might catch unawares some famous "man scribbler." The *Mirror* was not in need.

It yielded to the tempting offer and struck a bargain through the promise of a racy article which the letter with innocent furtiveness conveyed. Then Mr. Willis' "divining rod" revealed the presence of genius, while his heart moved with a pulsation of sympathy, not so much for one in want as for one seeking a fair opportunity in literary life. It was a clear case of honest appeal and generous response. The *Mirror* "walked willingly into the lady's noose."

Miss Chubbuck now appeared as "Fanny Forester," little realizing how long and how far the name would go. She "conjured a new bonnet and dress out of her inkstand"; but this was merely the beginning, as it was the least, of her conjurations at the same fount. Her sketch of herself and her friend who accompanied her to New York, "a most spirited and dramatic delineation of assumed characters and relations," opened a way for her to the readers of popular fiction throughout the country. The worst, though not the hardest, was over. The blind stroke for "something to wear" proved the fortunate one, such as in other departments of effort many an obscure toiler would like to know how to make. She found a friend who was able and glad to give her prestige; who also "devoted himself to the cultivation of her talents and fame with a generous ardor, which she repaid with a profound sense of indebtedness as to the 'foster-father' of her intellect." They did not meet till after the lapse of a year from the time the correspondence began, and they met but once:

She almost literally "awoke one morning and found herself famous." The path to competence and fame opened itself attractively before her. Ere she was aware of it, ere

she began to dream of it, the name of Fanny Forester was echoed through the country, and her praises were on every tongue. The timid, trembling girl, who had shrunk, like the sensitive plant, from the breath of public notice, dreading the very applause which she courted, was now the cynosure of all eyes—the admired of all admirers. Applications soon came in from the publishers of the popular magazines for the aid of her attractive pen and the prestige of her name, at the highest current prices in this department of literature.

The budding of fame imposes a trying ordeal upon a Christian. If one, consciously posing before the world with that bewitching bud before the eye, does not neglect the sweet flowers of devotion, the case will be worth noting. Especially is it difficult for a young woman who has pined, for years, for a pen of power, to resist the unintended flattery of such a man as Nathaniel P. Willis. He tells Miss Chubbuck that she is more gifted than she thinks; that he will serve her and her reputation to the best of his means and ability; that she is more readable than any other female writer in this country. It is true that the number of writers then was quite small; but so, also, was the number of appreciative readers and publishers. And that she should fail to feel the force of such avowed admiration, and to pique herself on the vast benefits of the proffered friendship, is not for a moment to be imagined. In fact, that her head should be turned—turned, at least temporarily, from a mission to besotted heathen to a life of literary activity and companionship, does not give sufficient occasion for persons of like nature to throw stones.

It appears, however, that authorship had been regarded by her as, in large degree, a business expedient. Her head was not so "turned" that she relaxed her faithfulness in the work of teaching. She did not resign her position; she simply added writing, as she found opportunity. She was determined to pay her debts, and to earn the money with which to do it—debts made not in self-ministration, but for the sole purpose of procuring a home for her parents, which could not be secured in any other way. The nobility of her aim is well characterized by the graphic pen of Dr. Kendrick:

She made no parade of her benevolence or her exertions. She silently resolved and then resolutely—almost doggedly—worked, scarcely half aware, herself, either of the depth of her sensibility, or of the extent and sternness of her toils and sacrifices. The only true heroism is unconscious heroism—that which performs prodigies of love under the simple impulse of duty—and this was hers. Let now the majority of those calling themselves Christians, bearing in mind the above facts, read over her sketches, and observe the spirit which they breathe, and the lessons which they inculcate, and then ask themselves if *they* can give as good an account of their hours of relaxation from the sterner purposes of life. Dress, party-going, frivolous conversation, even the most of lighter reading—place over against these the truth and purity of Emily's delightful sketches! She was exhausting the springs of youth in behalf of the sinking energies of age, but never by a moment's compromise of moral principle.

To those leading an aimless life let this shining example of love, loyalty, nobility, come with the radiance peculiarly its own.

Miss Chubbuck had now gained substantial recognition; such an espousal as thousands of the unknown are pining to obtain, and many of whom need only a literary spouse to usher them into Fame. The accidental "sights" in Broadway, the balzarine and the neapolitan, were the slight instrumentality by which the young writer secured the attention desired. But for them her merits might have remained long in the keeping of a few admiring, though powerless friends. And now that Mr. Willis had attentively considered the initiatory letter, had suspected the author to be a "regular contributor" to some of the leading magazines, and had said something about her, besides giving her space in his paper, her market as an author was well established. In such devious ways and on such slender threads is found the key to many a powerful mind.

The *Mirror's* acceptance of her articles awakened in others a desire to have contributions from the same pen. Very soon Graham and Godey, proprietors of popular magazines of that day, sought her aid. A New York "lion" went out to the center of the state to trace and behold the prodigy; at the time a difficult and not very frequent proceeding. She at once became the observed of observers, the admired of admirers; and had she lost her self-poise the blame would not have rested upon herself.

This first blast of Fame was quite trying to one so delicately constituted, mentally and physically, as was Emily Chubbuck. Added to the strains she was already experiencing, it was too much. In a few months she returned to Hamilton, and was there seized with a fever, which kept her from seminary duties for a con-

siderable period. On returning to Utica she was still feeble, and as the spring came on her friends believed that its usual rigor, in that latitude, rendered it unwise for her to remain there. They therefore interceded for accommodations for her in the milder climate of Philadelphia, and found them in the pleasant home of Rev. A. D. Gillette, a "born gentleman" and a cordial Christian.

This step, though made necessary by feeble health, was another one upward in social distinction, to be followed by still another. From a penniless roll-picker in Pratt's Hollow, she had advanced to the place of an invited guest in a cultivated family in the city of Brotherly Love. She enjoyed the associations and took in the advantages with much relish and profit, as evinced in her correspondence: "I am growing better and better every day, and promise myself a delightful time. I think I shall like the city better than I do New York —all but the white blinds; them I can not endure. It seems all the time as though somebody was poking white sticks in my eyes. When I am in walkable order, and little Jemmy Gillette gets well, Mrs. G. and I will measure the pavements at a great rate. The weather yesterday and to-day is like June. You will be able to judge something about it when I tell you that (such a cold body as I am) I sit all the time at the open window."

Philadelphia ranked New York in literary men, and they were not blind to the new stars that appeared. Some of them had derived pleasure, if not profit, from her writings. One, at least, had drawn from the silent corner of his editorial sanctum a number of her articles

that he had not before recognized, and had published them so soon as her *nom de guerre* attained popularity. The irritation caused her by this disposition to take advantage of her success, and the "hearing" concerning the matter that she had given him by letter, made their meeting somewhat embarrassing. Disturbances between author and publisher were a new kind of troubles to her, but with trembling, blundering and "stumbling against big words," she finally felt that she had properly impressed him. Among others who paid her their respects were Rufus W. Griswold, Joseph C. Neal and Horace B. Wallace, well-known literary characters, who received her to their friendship and sympathy.

After a number of weeks delightfully passed in Philadelphia she returns north, stopping a fortnight in Brooklyn, where for the first and only time she had interviews with Mr. Willis. Their meeting was one of the rare occasions which only literary friends can appreciate. It was the richer because of the circumstance that the one was a giver and the other a receiver, and that he who risked his own prestige to help a meritorious girl to gain her place was now, so soon, permitted to welcome her to his own proud eminence, and she to rejoice with him and in him. It was a fine example of the blessedness of giving, in a department of life where the example is too seldom seen.*

*The poet Stoddard, in concluding his paper on N. P. Willis in the January *Lippincott*, 1890, says: Beyond and above all other editors and authors whom I chanced to know in my early years, Willis was the most watchful for and the most considerate towards young writers—the most appreciative and generous, and, better than all this, the most helpful. His papers were always open to them, and his pen always ready to praise them. He discovered—if the phrase be not too strong—Bayard Taylor, whose juvenile verse I saw in the *Home Journal*, and the gen-

Going on to Utica she resumed her work in the Seminary with invigorated health. About twelve months had elapsed since the *Mirror* made her name "coinable by praises," and she had already done considerable "coining." Her pseudonym, incidentally appended to her first letter, had acquired a talismanic power, and those who had cast aside the communications of "Emily Chubbuck" were now glad to publish them as the productions of "Fanny Forester." Her friends were beginning to feel a degree of fear lest the effect of popular applause should prove deleterious to her, so sensitive was she to both praise and blame. And one of her nearest friends, one of her first teachers in the Seminary, but at this time the wife of President Nott, of Union College, addressed her on the subject. Her reply showed that while she was not unmindful of the peril she was encountering, she possessed strength of character, and took a rational view of human merit and applause. She says:

"These newspaper puffs are accidental and ephemeral things, and while I will not despise them, because in their way they are an advantage to me, do not, I beg of you, think that I am such a simpleton as to be 'spoiled' by them. As to the attentions I have received since I have been gone, they have certainly put me a

---

tlewomen who wrote over the pen-names of Fanny Forester, Edith May and Grace Greenwood.—*The Home Journal.*

Green forever be the grave of such a man!—one who does not conclude that an aspiration for a place in the field of literature is a reason for suppressing the aspirant. Youth of genius are mostly modest and exceedingly sensitive, and it will never be known how much talent has remained undeveloped nor how many bright spirits have been quenched by the merciless dash of unsympathetic souls. The course of Lavinia Chubbuck in shielding her defenceless little sister, Emily, is in point.

little more at ease with myself, but I do not believe that you will say they have been disadvantageous. In sober truth, Heaven has blessed me (as a balance for the romance which I am not going to disclaim) with a sort of mathematical genius, a dollar-and-cent way of estimating things, which, when necessary, takes the poetry out of them in a twinkling. Will you not give me credit for some *common sense* at bottom? * * Let me entreat you, however, once for all, never to be for a moment troubled about all this fol-de-rol stuff's turning my brain. Were you in my place you would see it with different eyes from what you do. Things very pretty to look at become smoke when you touch them. Now, *I am touching* them, and I laugh to find what painted bits of butterflies' wings might have seemed wondrously attractive, if, half a dozen years ago, I could have foreseen that it was to be my lot to catch them."

Those who discover the semblance of self-confidence in the above extract will not fail to discern also the fine grains of "common sense at bottom." And they will bear in mind that the prudent admonition she received came from one admired if not revered, and hence produced the flutter manifest throughout her lengthy letter, and the apparent acerbity of some of her language. A little volatility in youthtime, as in her case, is but the presage of an important element of character.

The sudden transition from poor, plodding Emily Chubbuck to the famous Fanny Forester was a great strain for human nature to endure; and that the heroine of this narrative was not overstrained thereby will

become evident when it is seen how she turned from the laurels so honorably won to a career that was certain to bring trials with which she was not familiar and of the severest nature. From literary eminence to religious consecration is a long step; and in taking it she proved that piety held the supreme seat in her heart.

In reflecting upon the incidents of this chapter the observing reader will naively conclude (using his own divining rod) that Miss Chubbuck's ultimate aim in the correspondence with Mr. Willis was recognition. The shop-window movement was probably a feint in her generalship, and Mr. Willis, seeing it, was too much pleased with its cleverness to permit it to pass without reward. He rather enjoyed the toils of such an enchantress. And while it may not be disputed that the balzarine had "taken the eye" of the needy maiden, the full blooming of her long cherished hopes, in the world of authorship, was still more desired. That well studied letter was doubtless intended as a specimen of the conjurer's ability.

VI.

Charmed Watch—*THE SWIFT SECRET.*

Elevation is to merit what dress is to a handsome person.—La Rochefoucauld.

"Nothing in the world is single;
All things by a law divine
In one another's being mingle:—
Why not I with thine?"

THE summer of 1845 was a memorable one in Miss Chubbuck's life. She had returned from Philadelphia with new mental animation and with lips wet with Castalian dew. Having just come down from the mount, how could it be otherwise than that she should seem transfigured, from the company and the atmosphere enjoyed? But her mind was still without the sound body so much needed, and on this account the minor and more laborious duties of her station were entrusted to other hands.

The coveted vacation came, and with it an opportunity of spending her time in recreating at Hamilton and in parts adjacent to that healthful center. But Nature gives to a person only one constitution, and when impaired it is not readily renewed. She was still frail. Her friend Willis had advised a total change of sky, and had proffered his services to aid in carrying out any plan she might adopt. Also, the American consul to Genoa had opened the way for her to accom-

pany his family to Italy; and this opportunity she seriously thought of accepting. She had come to feel that since her earnings enabled her to travel, it might be highly beneficial to take an extended trip and spend some time in a milder climate, "where the oranges grow, and they have roses in the winter time."

The autumn came on. Every thought of going abroad had been abandoned, but it seemed to be unwise for her to remain in the rigorous New York climate. The expedient most deserving consideration was that to which she had resorted in the winter previous; and having received an invitation to the hospitable home of Mr. Gillette, for a second term, she went to Philadelphia in October, to spend the fall and winter.

This change, so pleasant in some respects, was full of foreboding. If every year she must go away from home and employment to seek health, how long will it be ere this course will be of no avail? Then who will take up the responsibilities that fall from her hands?

There is no evidence, however, that Miss Chubbuck was overcast with gloom at the prospect. Her hopeful and determined mind carried her above the clouds. But interest on debts does not stop to give one time for recuperation. She must in some way keep up her mental habits and labors, in order that interest might be kept down. And while active with her pen, her literary friends were again beguiling some of her hours by their attentions, and doing everything practicable to make her sojourn pleasant and profitable.

Meantime a gracious Providence had mapped out a new and surprising course for her, and already had been leading her in a way that she knew not, and in

paths she had not seen. She was suddenly aroused by such a presentation as was very rare in her day, and was by no means even a possible thing in her mind. While thoroughly engaged in authorship and in business relating to it, with a coterie of admirers about her who could scarcely speak to her of anything else, and thus was oblivious to the missionary aspiration of her early days, what should shock her out of her new dreams but the return of that "old love"! A great missionary had returned to this country, arriving at about the time she went to Philadelphia; and what occurred soon afterward we will permit the graphic pen of Dr. Kendrick to relate:

In December, Dr. Judson, being in Boston, was requested to attend a series of missionary meetings in Philadelphia, and Rev. Mr. Gillette, Emily's host, went on to Boston to secure his presence. On their way between New York and Philadelphia a slight railroad accident detained them two or three hours, and to relieve the tedium of the delay, Mr. Gillette seeing a volume of the newly published "Trippings in Author Land" in the hands of a friend, borrowed it and handed it to Dr. Judson. He hesitatingly took it, the title not promising a work specially to his taste; but carelessly opening it he soon found his attention riveted by the grace of the style, and the truth and sprightliness of the narrative. On Mr. Gillette returning to him, he inquired who was the author of the book, adding that it was written with great beauty and power, reiterating, emphatically, "with great beauty and power." He asked if the lady was a Christian, and being informed that she was, said: "I should be glad to know her. A lady who writes so well ought to write better. It is a pity that such fine talents should be employed on such subjects." Mr. Gillette

replied that he would soon be able to make her acquaintance, as she was then an inmate of his own house. "Is she a Baptist?" asked Dr. Judson; and being answered affirmatively, he renewedly expressed his desire to see and converse with her, as it was a pity that talents so brilliant should not be more worthily employed. They arrived in (or out of) due time at Philadelphia, and Dr. Judson was welcomed to the house of Mr. and Mrs. W. S. Robarts, who became warm personal friends, as they were already active friends of the mission cause.

Promptly on the next day he came over to Mr. Gillette's. Emily (in her morning dress) was submitting to the not very poetical process of vaccination. As soon as it was over, Dr. Judson conducted her to the sofa, saying that he wished to talk to her. She replied half playfully that she should be delighted and honored by having him talk to her. With characteristic impetuosity he immediately inquired how she could reconcile it with her conscience to employ talents so noble in a species of writing so little useful or spiritual as the sketches which he had read. Emily's heart melted; she replied with seriousness and candor, and explained the circumstances which had drawn her into this field of authorship. Indigent parents, largely dependent on her efforts—years of laborious teaching—books published with but little profit, had driven her to still new and untried paths in which at last success unexpectedly opened upon her. Making this employment purely secondary, and carefully avoiding everything of doubtful tendency, she could not regard her course open to serious strictures. It was now Dr. Judson's turn to be softened. He admitted the force of her reasons, and that even his own strict standard could not severely censure the direction given to filial love. He opened another subject. He wished to secure a person to prepare a memoir of his recently deceased wife, and it was partly, in fact, with this

purpose that he had sought Emily's acquaintance. She entertained the proposition, and the discussion of this matter naturally brought them much together during the ensuing few days. The consequences of the coming together of two persons respectively so fascinating were what has often occurred since the days of Adam and Eve. They became mutually interested.

The reader is now confronted with a case of "love"; one that contains all the principal features which awaken interest—one enveloped by the glamour of romance, and yet characterized by the veriest reality. In any other sphere than that of foreign missions it might have been believed that this "unexpected" thing also would happen; but here it is a marvel. Under the severest of providential afflictions the most distinguished missionary of the age returns to his native land. Under a previous bereavement he had lived nearly eight tedious years without a child or any relative for solace or society, and much of the time in a solitude which he felt to be enforced upon him for purposes of spiritual discipline. His solitariness was so severe that it became a crucial test of his power of endurance. Dwelling apart in the densest jungle, he seemed neglected of God and men. Even the tigers came and looked upon him and walked away.

After such an experience it was evident that he could live without a home, while he could testify from his inmost soul that it is not good for man to be alone. Nothing remains, however, to indicate that he was thinking of remarriage at the time he went to Philadelphia. After two such wives as Ann Hasseltine and Sarah Boardman it would seem that Heaven should

regard him as having been abundantly crowned here, and would ask him to await his further coronation till he should enter the Paradise he was already nearing. But God's thoughts are not as our thoughts, neither His ways as our ways. Accident and incident combined to reveal his will.

Dr. Judson did not return to this country wife-hunting, nor to see his friends, nor to obtain rest. He was here because of the sorrows of St. Helena and for the sake of motherless children. Had there been no children there in the death-ship, he would have cleared that port straightway for the harbor of Maulmain. And, accordingly, when here, he spared no diligence to adjust the affairs of his family, that he might return speedily to the land of darkness to which he had given his heart. His continuance here during the later months of his stay was merely a stroke of wisdom, for the increase of missionary interest, and that alone.

Having been blessed with those wonderful wives, who impersonated just the excellences he desired, he was disciplined to discover and prepared to appreciate the highest traits in woman, of whatever kind. He could not expect to find all in any one, but he required that those found should be positive and give promise of service in some way in the work to which he had consecrated his life. He was not in peril of being overreached in a matrimonial bargain; and his mind was sufficiently alert to observe his equal or counterpart whenever she might appear. Not search, but discernment, brought him, a suitor, to the feet of Fanny Forester.

She, on the other part, was too finely made to be

insensible to the presence of a superior character, and to the points of fellowship, if any, between him and herself. Each being known to be free to marry, the suggestiveness of circumstances was almost inevitable. And then, she, at least, had been rallied by some and advised by others in respect to possible alliances. She had considered the matter—and why not?—and had even taken counsel of her excellent friend, Mr. Willis, who replied in the serious tone of one deeply interested. He said: "You ask me whether you shall marry for convenience. Most decidedly, no! What convenience would pay you for passing eighteen hours out of every twenty-four for the rest of your life, within four walls, in company with a person not to your taste? I judge of you by myself. I would not pass one year thus for any fortune on earth. The private hours of one single month are too precious for any price but love. Think how little of the day poverty can touch, after all. Only the hours when you are out of your chamber. But the moment your chamber door is shut on you alone, all comparison between you and the richest is at an end. Let the majority of women marry for convenience if they will; but *you* are brimful of romance, and delicacy, and tenderness, and a marriage without love, for you, would be sealing up a volcano with a cobweb. You must love—you *must* and *will* love passionately and overpoweringly. You have as yet turned but one leaf in a volume of your heart's life. Your bosom is an altar on which there is a fire newly lit —lit by the late and sudden awakening of your genius. Your peculiarity is, that your genius has its altar on your heart, and not, like other people's, in the brain.

Take care how you throw away the entire music and beauty of a life for only a home that will grow hateful to you. I warn you that you *must* love sooner or later."

With this presentation of the subject, concerning which inquiry was made, coming from a friend whose opinion was powerful and final, coming, too, previously to the time of meeting Dr. Judson, it is certain that Miss Chubbuck could not have been actuated supremely by any other than the motive her friend had so impressively commended. As a purely domestic affair, there was only love that could prevail; because the difference in ages was about thirty years, and their habits of life and the experiences that determine character were a full hemisphere apart. Their circumstances—the father of a considerable family, yet to be reared, and the maid who had cared for children only in the school-room—had been very unlike. Their spheres of labor were the length of the earth's diameter asunder and essentially dissimilar. In case of marriage one vocation must be surrendered to the other, with all the odds on the side of the man's. She must marry for love, or not at all.

Religiously and denominationally they were one at heart; yet the cause which was consuming him had occupied her attention but slightly, for a time, dazed as she was by the new atmosphere into which she had been ushered. However, her early sympathy with missions and her longing to engage in them were still traceable in her memory, and the mention of the needs and privations abroad still affected her heart. The difference between her suitor's and her own interest in

the work for the heathen was mainly that of degree. She needed no reconciling to such a cause.

When Dr. Judson discovered the germs of piety and the latent interest in missions that she very naturally revealed in the course of their interviews, he felt free to cherish the admiration for her that had already taken possession of his mind. And when he felt the fascinating power of her genius he became convinced that she might be greatly useful in the missionary enterprise, which requires diversified gifts; as he said on first reading her "Trippings"—"a lady who writes so well ought to write better." Circumstances, likewise, admitted of and, in some respects, called for marriage, and so, without waiting for the usual period of widowerhood to elapse, he came forward with a proposal and urged it like a man of business.

This was a surprise; not less to themselves than to others. But it was a very natural, very ingenuous movement. As she once said concerning the origin of her poetry—"it whistled itself." And when once made, the proposition was to be pushed to a successful result. Dr. Judson was not the man to stop in sight of a prize; and Emily Chubbuck was not the woman to be insensible to the honor he sought to bestow upon her. But he was thoroughly honest in the terms of the proposal. Concealing nothing, varnishing nothing, he told all. "He painted to her the glories and the deformities of the Orient; its moral desert in a wilderness of luxuriant beauty. He set forth the toils and privations of the missionary's lot, and over against this the privilege of being a reaper in the great moral harvest of the world; the blessedness of those who turn many to

righteousness; the glory of that coming world whence faith already draws many a presaging token of bliss."

She, on the other hand, was equally ingenuous; and the sober view of her spiritual condition that she entertained added a charm to her modesty. She knew piety by experience, and fully appreciated the importance of a very large measure of it in one who should presume to labor for the heathen. "She weighed her spiritual deficiencies—her want of that deep consecration so imperatively demanded in one who lays hands on the sacred ark of the missionary cause. She had declined from her earlier consecration, and the path which she once sought the privilege of treading, it now, as she afterwards declared, 'seemed like death for her to enter.'"

The insertion of the following note, just here, will be pardoned by every one who remembers his own trysting-place and the letters following:

JANUARY 20, 1846.

I hand you, dearest one, a charmed watch. It always comes back to me and brings its wearer with it. I gave it to Ann when a hemisphere divided us, and it brought her safely and surely to my arms. I gave it to Sarah during her husband's life-time, (not then aware of the secret,) and the charm, though slow in its operation, was true at last.

Were it not for the sweet sympathies you have kindly extended to me, and the blessed understanding that "love has taught us to guess at," I should not venture to pray you to accept my present with such a note. Should you cease to guess, and toss back the article, saying, "Your watch has lost its charm; it comes back to you, *but brings not its wearer with it*"——O, first dash it to pieces, that it may be an emblem of what will remain of the heart of

Your devoted A. JUDSON.

The reader may be shocked by the statement that their engagement was made within a month from the time of their first meeting. It opened the opportunity for testing the trite remark, "Marry in haste and repent at leisure"; and the testing changed the sentiment, showing that it is possible to contract a marriage hastily and wisely, while it has been seen, many times, that a slow and much protracted courtship has ended in failure to marry, or in a disastrous marriage. The aims of the Christian life and the lofty aims, especially, of the true missionary were a security against the influences that sometimes prevail. Besides, they had the intelligence to discern the best emotions and the conscience to follow them.

Under these conditions their marriage did not resolve itself into a question of taste, nor one of time. Each was qualified to appreciate and most fully to sympathize with the other, and so to fulfill the law of love. They were counterparts to each other, and could make a domestic history replete with rare experiences and in harmonious pursuits. This they found out for themselves; and having reached a satisfactory conclusion without taking "Mrs. Grundy" into their counsels, they felt that they could also settle the matter of time without her help.

However, the same high considerations were involved in a prompt marriage that actuated them in the steps already taken. There were motherless children on the other side of the sea; and since Emily had decided to assume the post of motherhood to them, the sooner she should do so the better. There was also the work laid down by Dr. Judson. Who would presume

to take up the master's tools, and who that had not a sufficient task of his own? After devoting to it more than thirty years, the best of his life, without the least felt drawing toward any other, his heart was exclusively enlisted in it. He must return to it with all the expedition that the proprieties of the case, the claims of friends and churches in this country, would admit.

Miss Chubbuck's engagement, it will be inferred, took place before the public had opportunity to discuss the possibility or the propriety of it. They were the more dumfounded on that account when told of it. No one lost or won in reputation by prophesying, though the nimble tongue that is ever ready to predict such a circumstance when one goes into new society, may have gained a little in prestige. The Baptist denomination might have been chargeable with napping, had not the acquaintance and courtship been so brief. Yet, after the engagement became known there was no napping until everybody's opinion had been given.

VII.

Glimpses—*NEW ATTITUDES, OLD PATHS.*

Then bring thy heart, thy life, thy soul, thy all,
To One who drank for thee the wormwood and the gall.
MARY M. BOWEN.

"Measure thy life by loss instead of gain;
Not by the wine drunk, but by the wine poured forth;
For love's strength standeth in love's sacrifice,
And whoso suffers most hath most to give."

MISS CHUBBUCK was now before the country in a new attitude. Her startling decision had run through the entire circuit of her readers and admirers with an electrical thrill. The effect at first was uniformly one of surprise, and then of varying impressions as to the fitness of the whole affair. The pillars in the mission cause trembled lest the literary sprite that was about to cross the threshold of the temple would prove insufficient for the solemn responsibilities she was to assume. The wiseacres thought they saw the end of Dr. Judson's usefulness. And the literary men, caring for none of these things, saw Fanny Forester sacrificing hosts of admirers in order to take up the cause of a race incapable of admiring anything beautiful and good. And Mr. Wallace voiced the feeling of the selfish world in expressing the wonder,—

"if people will be missionaries, that they do not select 'some decent place.'"

She was sensitive to criticism, especially that which came from her friends; such friends, particularly, as had helped her in the hour of need and lifted her name out of obscurity. These, seemingly, had a claim to the enjoyment of a pen they had so neatly feathered. Their verdict on her genius had proven to be a clear indorsement of their wisdom; then why should she not regard their opinion in this matter above her own? Why go to heathendom when they expressed the conviction that she would thus throw herself away?

Ah! there is a wisdom not according to this world. The natural heart discerns it not, neither regards it. Miss Chubbuck had long before received the things of the Spirit, and her spiritual sense awakened quickly at the word of one who had already proved to the world that the best type of greatness is compatible with service to the lowly, and in that service shines with greatest lustre. Between the two calls she was bound to be loyal to that which expressed the mind of Him who came not to be ministered unto, but to minister and to give His life a ransom for many.

The judgment of the churches was more deserving of consideration than that of the world, and it doubtless entered into her deliberations as far as the case justified. She was respectful but determined. She wanted the favor of her friends, and, of course, wished them to coincide with her plans. What was her joy when Miss Sheldon favored her "wild-looking project" and, with thoughtful kindness, wrote to her parents for the purpose of preparing their minds to hear of it specifically—to "soften the matter," as she said.

The time had come for her to resign her place in "society," so far as it might interfere with her new duties and the preparation for them. This brought a test to bear, to which she was fully equal. She proved that, though thought to be fond of gay society, and though willing to heighten such an impression rather than to correct it, she had no taste for it. She had practiced a similarly innocent deception, of an opposite nature, in respect to her religion; innocent, except in its effects on her own heart. She had been nicknamed at school "the little saint," and in her determination to show that she was not what she was taken to be she did what produced "a low state of religious feeling." She was not thoroughly understood, and by some was much misunderstood.

That she was more fully a Christian than it has been supposed, is evident from the gleam that comes from the above confession. Others saw the marks of piety which she thought to deny lest she might be a hypocrite. Her fugitive articles for the *New York Baptist Register*, and some other minor writings bore a savor of piety that justified her name as a Christian of a high type; but it was "painful to be praised for such things," she said.

The number is not small that will discover evidence of the real Christian in the manner in which she cared for those who had given her being and rearing. And how far the honoring of her father and mother contributed to make it well with her in respect to her new relationship, perhaps neither she nor any one else ever estimated. It would be highly beneficial, however, for every young daughter to regard her example and remember "the first commandment with promise."

One qualification for the missionary life is the sense of its difficulties and a humble spirit in the one about to enter upon it. And it could not for a moment be thought that such a veteran as Dr. Judson would fail to acquaint her with all she needed to know; while the question of personal fitness would be revolved in her own heart. She says: "I have not taken this step without a great, *great deal* of thought, and I would not take it but that I believe the blessing of God is in it. I must acknowledge, indeed, that I have little of the proper missionary spirit. Perhaps it will increase; I hope so. I would gladly be useful, and this has influenced me very much in my decision."

Her literary friends, though dissatisfied with her decision, passed high encomiums on her general character, touching points that they had not expected to be called upon to consider, and such as pertained immediately to her new sphere. Mr. Wallace had written: "If you should ever be placed in circumstances to call it forth, the world will find that there is stuff for a heroine hidden behind your partial development by literature." In this unconscious prophecy he voiced the sentiment of the entire coterie of those who had but just come to know her, as well as that of the numerous friends who had seen her manner of life. She had endured enough to gain the gift of endurance. She says to her most intimate friend and adviser: "Even *you* can not dream of half that I have borne."

Miss Chubbuck was now left to her own thoughts —to the mental seclusion of one who is "engaged." The transition from the whirl of magazine people to

the exclusive society of a suitor, and the equally sudden change from his constant visitations to solitariness in her chamber was quite an experience to pass through in thirty days. Dr. Judson was a man of despatch, and a man in demand. When he had closed his contract with her, and his engagements with the churches, he went to Washington, bearing within his heart the joyous hope of a renewed domestic life. The tender and beautiful letters he wrote her immediately after his departure have sometimes, but rarely, been equaled. Her heart was additionally wrought upon by this means, and he found in her his full complement as a correspondent, and a "better half" indeed.

The pen she had been using was now resting, as she gave herself to a contemplation of the future. A great service was before her, from which there could be no discharge except by death. There were friends to be conciliated, and extensive preparations to be made. And after securing the desired composure of mind, heroine that she really was, she became anxious to meet the new conditions at once. What should she say to the many, and to the few? How explain her course to those to whom she had committed herself for study and teaching? How produce satisfaction in that dependent family at Hamilton?

Fortunately she was detained by the severity of the winter from going north, for a few weeks. This circumstance enabled her to notify her friends as to the engagement, and by the lapse of time to enable them to attain some degree of quietness, and to prepare to greet her without indiscreet and harmful remarks. But, being fully committed, she was impatient

for whatever fray might be awaiting her, that she might end it, and for the adjustment of her affairs preparatory to departure for the East.

On the 17th of February (1846) she proceeded to New York, and thence to Utica. In New York she was entertained by the Colgates; a Baptist half-way house of the old hospitable type. She was now traveling as a prospective missionary. O, the change in eighteen months!—from the gay American metropolis to "grim Burmah"! from balzarines to barbarians!—the first transition in the mind of the unformed missionary. Is the young novelist dreaming! Is she taking up the glories of the Orient for the warp of a new story, or is she designing a romance of personal reality? She passes one night and rises to address her affianced as follows: "There is something so unreal (sometimes) in the position in which I find myself that reflection becomes absolutely painful; and I am half tempted to doubt my own identity. But, like the old woman of the nursery rhyme, I hope home will dissipate the mist. They will make it all real when I get to Utica, for they seem to think it a very proper thing for me to become a missionary. I thought it a very nice thing, too, when I went to my room last night and laid my head upon my pillow, perfectly happy. Things were reversed. The bugbears haunted me in the day-time, and at night they fled."

She proceeded to Utica without delay, and was once more at home among the teachers and pupils at the Seminary, who already felt a deep interest in her new plans, and proposed to assume the main responsibility for her outfit. It was their first experience with

missionary departures, no doubt, and the delightful subject in hand and the freshness of the enterprise conspired to furnish them an enjoyable entertainment. How ready were the unskilled "girls" to "lend a hand"!—how they flew to and fro to provide raiment and comforts for the singer who was to go away over the sea!

Early in March Emily went to Hamilton for such an experience as she had never had at home. She was now a bird spoken for and captured. Already she felt the bars of her cage, but loved them well. With a new development of affection she met her friends, feeling that she was another and another's. She could not enter into family affairs in just the way she had done. The broaching of her new plans and the consideration of them were to engross the time. Dr. Judson came on presently, and the formation of acquaintance entered largely into the visit. All felt honored by the prospective relationship; Dr. Judson not less than the family, because the parents of a "child of genius and of song" are rare and respected. "The loggery," as Emily named their domicile, was made sacred, first by the hard-earned money she had put into it, and further by the presence of the great missionary of the age.

Glances at a few of her letters will serve to show the modest, sensible views that she entertained:

To Mr. Wallace: "I am a great admirer of greatness—real, genuine greatness; and goodness has an influence which I have not the power to resist. I believe the reason that I have never loved before (for I think that I have a somewhat loving nature) is, that I never saw the two so beautifully combined in one

person. My good Doctor's hair is as black as the raven's wing yet; but if it were not, if he were many years older, it would be all the same; I would go with him the world over. There is a noble structure within, singularly combining delicacy and strength, which will afford me protection and shelter in this world—a place where my own weak nature may rest itself securely—a thing that will never grow old, and that I shall love in eternity. * * * * Do you think that I am carried away by a foolish enthusiasm—a false zeal? Or do you think that I have made a sober, common-sense estimate of things, and decided wisely?"

To Mrs. Nott: "I fancy that you will be pretty sure that no common man could have made a missionary of me; and no common man would have had the independence to choose me."

To Dr. Judson: "You freed me from a glittering coil which was growing irksome to me, and you are to be my spiritual teacher."

From Mr. Wallace: "Your choice is worthy of you. It commends itself to my highest sympathy and admiration. You may recollect that I said to you, at the time when I could not be suspected of a design to flatter, that Dr. Judson was one of my *heroes;* that goodness, such as his, was the highest type of greatness—far surpassing all such ambition as is founded on views that are limited by this world, and beating down the rivalry of such fame as has in it any admixture of vanity. It produces no wonder in me, but the highest interest and delight, to know that your spirit is so finely sensitive to the lofty attractions that belong to

a character and career so disinterested—so sublime. That which first engaged my regard and curiosity in relation to you was the fascinating delicacy of thought and feeling which your writings displayed; what struck me most, in approaching you more nearly, and placed my respect upon a higher and surer basis, was the superiority which your nature insensibly always displayed to the interests and excitements of literary reputation. That 'pettiness of fame' which is the glory of so many, seemed to excite your aversion; and that which, in other cases, is the coveted result of authorship, seemed to be to you the only annoying and painful part of it."

After ten days at Hamilton—his first visit to that classic village, so entrancing in its natural loveliness, and so honored as the main educator of missionaries—Dr. Judson journeyed eastward to attend to personal affairs, and to the Lord's business which required haste. Miss Chubbuck returned to Utica, and the preparation for her departure very soon became the engrossing subject of all minds in the institution. She had "softened the matter" with the folks at home, and was beyond that sensitive point which stands in the way of a daughter's free communication of her love affairs to her parents. Dr. Judson had been present, and by his manly bearing rendered relief in her embarrassment.

Her engagement was an event involving peculiar consequences to the Chubbucks. After the surprise it gave, came not a little solicitude on account of its bearing upon the interests of the family. As their main dependence she was now to be missed, and how

to meet the deficiency thus created was a problem to be studied. No one could fill her place, because there was no one among them having a genius for remunerative work or for commanding resources. She had gone beyond the point of present supplies and had devised a way of reducing expenses by buying a home for them. Very naturally other members of the family had not become disciplined in care and tact to the same extent if at all. How was she to be spared? Must not the home be lost, and parents and children be scattered?

These questions troubled herself as well as the others. Her expected departure from the country, so far from relieving her of the responsibility served to intensify the sense of it, and to arouse the heroic elements of her being. Immediately upon her engagement she writes to Miss Sheldon: "I have several debts at Utica, and I am anxious to get back and see about them. I do not know exactly my resources, but I know they are in a pretty bad state. For this reason I have declined going on to Washington, and am very anxious to return to Utica. I do not even know just how much is due on my place. I shall have enough to make out my April payment, but beyond that I am very destitute. I shall collect all my 'Fanny Forester' stories, and make as good a bargain as I can."

Dr. Judson sympathized most heartily in these trials, and he so far retracted his "rather ungallant exhortation," made at their first meeting, as to encourage her to trust to him for help and to continue writing books. From his chamber in Mr. Colby's house, Boston, after a "good cry," (having sent off his

two sons crying, to Worcester, the day before,) he writes: "My pecuniary arrangements are such that we shall have an ample sufficiency for all our purposes, and enough to furnish your parents with what they may think necessary; so that you can write as much or as little as you choose; and if you take any remuneration you can have the pleasure of presenting it, through the mission treasury, as an expression of gratitude to Him who gave his life for you, and is now preparing your seat and your crown."

Miss Chubbuck, now at Utica, is busy with her friends preparing for the voyage. School days are changed to preparation days. Morning bells have the tone of wedding bells. Those who had sat in awe before the teacher now clustered at her feet to do her service. She was strangely affected by the new conditions which had come to pass. She wrote: "I have been through with a terrible scene to-day. I was induced to go into the school-room for an hour, and such sobbings! I haven't got the tears out of my eyes yet."

A month passes and Dr. Judson returns from the eastern states and makes a visit at Utica. He and Miss Chubbuck proceed thence to Hamilton and make a more complete and satisfying visit there, looking at the homes and haunts of her girlhood. It is the month of May, in which Alderbrook and the Chenango Valley put on their new verdure and charm the beholder in a way and to a degree surpassing the reader's imagination. A paragraph from Dr. Kendrick's "Life and Letters" will indicate how our heroine availed herself of the last opportunity to trace her own trippings and to introduce the hero of her heart

to scenes entirely new to him, but which were henceforth to enter into his own experience:

Dr. Judson and Emily visited together her early home in Eaton. Dr. Judson had read her description of Underhill Cottage in the "Trippings," and he remembered the invitation there given to the reader to come and survey its beauties, with herself for his cicerone, when it was surrounded by the laughing beauty of spring. This invitation he now felt irresistibly inclined to accept, and Emily, probably, was not disposed to recall it. They visited the hallowed spot together; took tea in Underhill Cottage; and wandered at leisure by the stream which, fringed with alders, gave to the subsequent collection of her sketches its graceful and appropriate name. Fancy may be excused for lingering a moment on the scene in which two such spirits—the one full of the warm affections, the fresh hopes, the bright fancies of youth and youthful genius—the other that of one who had filled a hemisphere and a half century with his deeds of sublime Christian devotion, but whose genial character time had but touched with a mellow grace—in which they together visited the spot which had witnessed the early joys and sorrows of the fair and gifted being who was soon to lay her hand in his, and share his fortunes on the other side of the globe. What memories of the past, what visions, chastened yet joyful, of the future, throng upon those spirits, both of which have drunk deep of the cup of sorrow, and know well the stern realities of life, and yet both of which possess within a permanent well-spring of joy and hope, such as God bestows only on the favored few! With what touching pathos did Emily recount the childish memories with which each scene was associated—the memories of joys—O how sweet! and of griefs—O how bitter!

While under the charm of the sequestered vale, and while recalling the sad circumstances and also the joyous experiences of early days, as contained in the first part of this narrative, it will be instructive to dwell a moment upon the literary affairs of Miss Chubbuck at this time. From being a young scribbler before the old hearth-fire, amidst the family circling before it, ("shivering on one side while toasting the other,") and from the humiliation that was absolutely oppressive, she has risen to rank and recognition among the popular writers of the time. Now she has her writings on hand, when about to leave the country for a permanent residence, and the disposition of them to good advantage becomes a new and unexpected source of anxiety.

Various publishers were snatching and shaping them for immediate, catch-penny purposes. A picture of a female with her name beneath it was emblazoned on the cover of an abridged copy, exciting Dr. Judson's humor and her ire. Like other popular writers, in similar circumstances, she determined to seek benefit through the law. But better counsels prevailed, especially Dr. Judson's sober suggestion that the multiplication of editions and parts of books might enable her to be more useful; to "soften and cleanse and prepare, it may be, for higher and more spiritual influences." He united his efforts to hers in an earnest endeavor to make a speedy adjustment of her literary relations, so that she might leave the country at peace with all, and with her writings in remunerative hands. After various futile attempts a satisfactory arrangement was effected, Mr. N. P. Willis rendering assist-

ance by giving introductions to the leading printing firms.

The settlement of claims against her property in Hamilton was also effected, Dr. Judson assisting. He wrote her: "You can arrange for the purchase of the additional lot, if you please, for $300, before I come, and for the fence at $50. I shall be able to let you have as much of the sum appropriated for your outfit, that is, $200, as you may wish. The $300 for myself I have declined."

She showed the utmost cordiality toward Dr. Judson's children, and desired to assist in every way practicable in their rearing and education. To this end she proposed to take the daughter back to Burmah, and there give her religious nurture and intellectual training; actuated by a wish to make her father the more happy and to subserve the greatest good of the child. She said in a letter to him, previous to their marriage: "She is your only daughter; you love her so much, and it will be so hard for the little creature to stay behind. And you may be assured that she shall not lack for any good which I am capable of exerting. I know the point where I should be most likely to fail; but I would pray most earnestly to exert a healthful, religious influence. And how I should love to have the training of her active little mind! I would pursue a regular system of instruction; give daily book lessons, besides the other lessons which we could extract from things about us. It would be something of a task, certainly, but a very agreeable one, and one which, doubtless, would contribute to my own improvement. * * * * Dare

not trust Abby with me, eh? Ah! you don't know how wise and dignified I can be when occasion requires it. Not one of my *pupils* was surprised at the news of my purpose to become a missionary." *

*Abby, it is known, did not return to Burmah. Arriving in this country just at the close of her tenth year, she was placed in good hands, was educated, and has been a teacher of high character. She is now at the head of Judson Institute, Minneapolis, Minn.

VIII.

Marriage—*ADIEUS, OCEAN, ORIENT.*

I thank thee for the languid years
  Of loneliness and pain,
When flesh and spirit sowed in tears,
  But scattered not in vain;
For trust in God and faith in man
  Sprang up beneath the rain.

* * * *

Lord, keep me closer at thy side
  As life the sweeter grows,
Lest I forget in this content
  The thorns beneath the rose.

ROSE TERRY COOKE—"*Thanksgiving.*"

THE time for the consummation of her marriage hastened on. As she contemplated the new relation, with its honors and opportunities, she could but wish that Time would not be tardy, and that she might be relieved from the embarrassments of her fame, and be sheltered under the strong name of her "good Doctor." On the other hand, there were the old home, and the "old folks at home." Far hence the day of parting and tears! The mention of the ship, she said, "sent her heart down into her shoes."

The day was reached. It was in the bonny month of June, her favorite season, of which she had written in glowing numbers ten years before:

"'Tis June—'tis gladsome, gorgeous June,
The rich, warm flush of summer noon
Rests on the golden hills."

The flowers were out in full, bedecking the village, and with their beauty responding to the inviting rays of the sun. Nature did the decorating for the memorable nuptial occasion, and thus, with its affluence, came to the relief of the family. The arrangements were simple, as befitted the event; the company private, consisting only of the family, and Miss Sheldon and Miss Anable, of Utica, whom the bride regarded as fulfilling the office of sisters to her in an eminent degree. The venerable Dr. Nathaniel Kendrick, who had known her missionary aspirations from their origin, and who at this time was languishing under a fatal disease, arose from his couch, a few steps away, and went in and performed the rite which determined one of the closest and sincerest marriage bonds ever formed.

The bridal day, which was June 2, 1846, naturally extended to a bridal occasion of some days' duration. "Dr. Judson and his bride spent three or four days with her parents, exchanging greetings with their numerous friends, and accepting their hospitalities. It was to many a memorable occasion. Mrs. Judson's quiet dignity and simplicity of manner, the joy of satisfied and happy love sparkling in her eye, yet tempered by the shadow of her near and final parting from those whom she loved, lent to her an added charm; while Dr. Judson, with renovated health and buoyant spirits, casting off all reserve, gave loose rein to his matchless powers of captivation, and made himself

the life and soul of many delighted circles."—(*Kendrick.*)

The first Sabbath of their new life was spent in the city of Utica, and embraced some peculiar and delightful experiences. They were amid the scenes of Mrs. Judson's seminary and church-life for the six previous years, where supports for her courage and stimulus for her endeavors had been received, and where they were now the observed of all observers; she in the flush of her triumph over circumstances, and he the modest victor on heathen fields, in the realm of language, literature and religion. Curiosity gave way to honor, and criticism to cordial, Christian affection.

A circumstance rendering the day a hallowed one to Mrs. Judson, was the baptism of her "most intimate and sympathizing friend," Miss Anable, who had been a Presbyterian. Because of her sisterly regard for his wife, with other reasons, Miss Anable desired Dr. Judson to administer the ordinance. He complied with the request, immersing her in the Mohawk river, and forward, which he believed to be the original and proper way. This was the only baptism he ever administered in America.

In her farewell to the churches with which she had been connected, Mrs. Judson thus refers to the one at Utica:

"There is another church with which I have a more intimate connection—the one whose commendation I bear to a strange people in a strange land, but worshiping no strange God. There are to me no dearer ones on earth than a little circle at UTICA, with whom I have hoped and feared, rejoiced and wept and

prayed. God grant that I may join that same circle above! that the tremulous voice which thousands of times has borne a confession of our sins and follies up to our Intercessor I may hear again in songs of praise; that when the thin, gray hairs are brightened, and the heavy foot made swift and light, I may return heavenly love for the counsels to which I have so often listened. I do not *ask* to be remembered there, for I know that parting in person can not mar the union of spirit, and when my hand is strong, and my heart is light, when Christ confers upon me any peculiar blessing, I shall think that Deacon SHELDON and those who love him and me are praying for me."

What a blessing for a young missionary to carry away—the benediction of such a godly man and the remembrance of his intercessions at a throne of grace! If churches would but search out the sensitive, susceptible, pining hearts in their membership, and if, individually, they would bear them in prayer continually and within their hearing, there would be more deacon Sheldons to be gratefully remembered, and more heroines made for heathen climes.

Mrs. Judson had bidden adieu to Hamilton, and it was left to the "little circle at Utica" to complete the home outfit and to speed her on the way. Her parting, as well as her position, was, in some degree, relieved of its painful nature by the company of another lady. Miss Lydia Lillybridge, who had been associated with her in teaching in the Seminary, was designated as a missionary associate. The little party, an object of more intense interest than a similar company would be now, took final leave of teachers, pupils and Chris-

tian friends at Utica, after a few days, and proceeded eastward.

Mrs. Judson was brought to face some things that were quite trying to her. Her husband took her to his paternal home, and to Ann Hasseltine's old home at Bradford, where she met Abby and the remaining friends of the pioneer heroine. The atmosphere was still laden with the incense of that wonderful life that went out in Burmah, and fragrant though it was, there was a felt sense of oppressiveness in the poet heroine as she meekly drew the inevitable comparison. But she could plead that she had not sought the other's place nor her prerogatives, and this fact dulled the sting. A parting with Abby, and the tears of him whose heart she was obligated to cheer; the freshness of the sorrow at St. Helena, and the beautiful virtues of her whom she was expected to memorialize; the anticipated missionary meeting at Boston, at which she must appear as "the successor of two such women"—these were circumstances calculated to test the heroine of the woolen factory and the country school and New York snows in a new way, and which might well have called forth some deserved charity.

The formalities of the farewell receptions could not altogether assure her as to the degree of popular regard. Whether the people were through with their criticisms on Dr. Judson because of his choice, and how she was viewed in comparison with the dead, she could not certainly decide. How frequently she may have wiped away the furtive tear no one knows. But it is clear that to have her husband to herself, and to stand firmly at his side, amid his toils, and perform

the part of one designated and pledged to aid in the conversion of the heathen, in the use of her own talent—this would be absolute felicity when contrasted with the unsolved compliments of farewell recognitions.

Receiving attentions became a tax that must be paid. Something was due to the denomination, and more to her husband, who was one of its greatest representatives, and who was entitled to all they were receiving from it. Hence she endured patiently; and two days before sailing wrote her sister as follows: "I meant to have written you before, but if you *could* know what a siege I have had! I have been crowded almost to death with company. Sometimes my hand has been so swollen with constant shaking that I have not been able to get on a glove, and I have been obliged to use my left hand."

Before the embarkment, those literary persons who had fostered her genius, and who were so chagrined because she "would be a missionary," would throw herself away, not even "selecting a decent place," made haste to unite with the churches in bestowing upon her attentions and gifts. Such men as Willis, Prescott, Longfellow and Bancroft, the latter at the time a member of the President's Cabinet, were among the givers. The following from Mr. Willis deserves a place in these pages:

WASHINGTON, June 26, 1846.

Your letter enclosing the money for books I received only yesterday from Boston, with two forwardings, and to-day comes this, written as you left Utica. I re-enclose the money, for the books can be had without it. I spoke

to Secretary Bancroft at a party last night, and he was, of course, proud of the opportunity to present you with his books, and so will be Prescott and Longfellow—and myself. I shall make you up a box of books from my own stores to take with you, and I shall be in Boston when you sail, and see you, with a tearful God-speed, off the shore. Will you write me at what time precisely you will be in Boston?

In view of what was said and felt, and of what may be thought by some at this day, concerning the fitness of her marriage and appointment, another paragraph from the above letter is given, showing the sentiments of the writer after mature reflection:

The more I think of your marriage, the more I think you are doing the best for your happiness. Your husband has a prodigal largeness of nature, and the kindest and most affectionate of hearts; and you required a trying and unusual destiny to fill the capabilities of which late years have seen the dangerous formation. Both for your heart and your peculiar mind, therefore, Providence has sent you the needful scope, and you will be happy. Dr. Judson's errand abroad will soon draw on your volcanic enthusiasm, and the vent will be healthful to soul and body. With love satisfied and talents employed, change of climate and improved health, you will bless God for a merciful direction of your destiny.

The woman was no ordinary person who, in the opinion of such a keen observer, "required a trying and unusual destiny to fill the capabilities of her nature." Could a more sententious phrase be formed to express, though indirectly, the "stuff" necessary to a missionary character? The calling to the missionary work consists, in part, in an aptitude for the grave

responsibilities and crucial severities of the field. If Mrs. Judson had been long spared for the service, in connection with her husband, she would have proven that the tribulations of her early days were both prophetic and preparatory to heroic endeavors of a high order.

To close these references a paragraph from that "refined, high-bred, delicate and manly" gentleman, Mr. H. B. Wallace, who was one of the first to recognize Emily's genius, is here adduced to show how her choice reflected credit upon herself. He was made a party to "the secret" very early, and in acknowledging the confidence reposed in him, he said:

Your choice is worthy of you. It commends itself to my highest sympathy and admiration. You always seemed to me to be too exalted and heaven-like for the mere affection of ordinary persons; and not to be waited upon by them with any feelings but such as are blended with something of worship. You may recollect that I said to you, at a time when I could not be suspected of a design to flatter, that Dr. Judson was one of my *heroes;* that goodness, such as his, was the highest type of greatness—far surpassing all such ambition as is founded on views that are limited by this world, and beating down the rivalry of such fame as has in it any admixture of vanity. It produces no wonder in me, but the highest interest and delight, to know that your spirit is so finely sensitive to the lofty attractions that belong to a character and career so disinterested—so sublime. * * * * I shall come to mingle my best and brightest omens with the "might of the world's good wishes" that will attend your going.

The ship Faneuil Hall, "beautiful and comfortable," is riding in Boston harbor, laden with commodities for the East. The state-rooms are being chosen, and she is to sail on the first of July. Mrs. Judson visits her cabin and is pleased with its furnishings.

The departure was delayed to July 11th, when, amid the adieus of hundreds drawn to the city and to the wharf, more by the character of the missionaries than by the rarity of a missionary embarkation, the canvass was given to the breeze.

The ocean seems to have presented no terrors to Mrs. Judson; or, if it did, her friends were not permitted to know of the fact. Her mind was alert to learn something from the untried element, trusting herself to the protection of Him who made it. She even enjoyed its deep and frightful movements; her heart bounding, like the vessel upon its mighty waves. She received the experience as a poet and romance writer might have been expected to do, and gave her friends the benefit of it, as a different mind, lacking sensibility and power of depicting an ocean scene, could not have done. Her imagination and academy studies were a means to exhilaration and profit from the voyage. Her lengthy letter to the *Columbian Magazine*, written *en voyage*, is one of the finest and fullest in the ocean literature of her time. Not the deep only, but also the inhabitants of the deep, and the feathered tribes which play upon it, and the changing heavens in the various latitudes—all came under the descriptive power of her versatile pen.

It seems that St. Helena, upon which was buried the sainted one whom she had engaged to memorialize,

did not lie exactly in the ship's path, yet the vessel sailed sufficiently near to it to make it seem a present object and to revive the scenes of the death and burial, that continued to affect her deeply. And there she penned a poetic soliloquy of a high degree of merit, in which she expressed her feelings and paid honor to the departed.*

The voyage was not without its storms and perils, nor did Mrs. Judson escape seasickness and other ills. Dr. Judson, in referring to the experiences of the way, said: "She suffered indeed less from seasickness than we had apprehended; but the cold air of the sea, during most of the voyage, has not been congenial to her temperament and constitution." She makes no allusion to these ills, but is absorbed in the glories of Old Ocean, as he performs his feats in her presence. She says: "There is a deal of fun in a heavy gale like this, during the first day, but it becomes a rack after a while. * * * This gale has probably been the grandest sight that we shall have the pleasure of beholding. The sea lashed into perfect fury, rising and sinking in strange contortions, wresting our little floating nut-shell from the hands of the crew, to leap, and plunge, and wrestle, as though born of the mad billows which bellow as they rise, and, bursting, cover it with their foam." (Off Cape Good Hope.)

After about four and a half months of prosperous sailing, Dr. and Mrs. Judson, with Miss Lillybridge and other new missionaries, landed at Amherst, a historic locality in foreign mission affairs, of perpetual interest. Mrs. Judson had just the mind for seeing the country—"queer, ridiculous, half-beautiful, half-fright-

*Memorial of Sarah B. Judson, page 170.

ful, exceedingly picturesque Burmah." It was worth one salary to have the old empire fully seen and impressively described. Her first letter to her sister Kate draws back the curtain and exposes Burmese life as it was first met and needed to be known forty years ago. Subsequent letters continue the detailed statement of commonplace things, which every reader loves to know, and they are so piquant as to take away the stigma of dullness that rests upon much of the missionary literature of her time.

Amherst, however, was not the destined abiding place and field of the missionaries; it had long since been given up as less promising than other places. And after spending a very few days here, sufficient only for a visit and a revival of precious memories and scenes of twenty years before, things were in readiness for departure to Maulmain, twenty-five miles up the Salwen.

"Our boat," says Mrs. Judson, "was very much like a long watering-trough, whittled to a point at each end, and we were all nestled, like a parcel of caged fowls, under a low bamboo cover, from which it was not easy to look out. But the shore, alongside which we were pushed up stream by the might of muscle, was brilliant with its unpruned luxuriance of verdure, and birds, and flowers.

"Here some strange tree dropped its long trailers to the water; there the white rice-bird, or a gayer stranger, with chameleon neck and crimson wing, coquetted with its neighbor, and the wealth of green, bending below; and then followed rich blossoms of new shapes and hues, and bearing new names, some in clusters, and some in long, amber wreaths, stained

here and there with lemon and vermilion, and all bearing that air of slumberous richness characteristic of the Indian climate. Our oarsmen were Amherst Christians, who seemed as wild with joy as the birds themselves, (not that they were particularly bird-like in any other respect,) and there was laughing and chattering enough to make any heart merry. The first, being a universal language, I had no difficulty in understanding, but the latter sounded to me even more outlandish than their gaudy patsoes (wraps), bare, brawny shoulders, and turbaned heads appeared to the eye."

After some hours of such up-stream travel, Maulmain was reached, the capital of the newly acquired British territory. It had already enjoyed the presence and civilizing influence of English residents, and thus was a very moderately heathen city. It also had been favored with missionary labors, quite constantly, for nearly twenty years; hence it was a comparatively favorable place at which to introduce to heathendom a young wife of cultivated tastes. Here, too, was Dr. Judson's established residence and work, and, consequently, the home in the view of Mrs. Judson at the time of her engagement and marriage. To this place she had voyaged, with some trembling and tears on the way in view of her new responsibilities; and now, with the semi-circumference of the globe between her and her former ties, she assumes the post of mother and teacher. She meets Henry and Edward, henceforward her sons; and she finds a new grave at which to weep—the grave of little Charlie, who here passed away at the time his parents were nearing St. Helena, on their way to America.

IX.

Settling—*GREEN TURBAN'S DEN.*

The earth shall be full of the knowledge of the Lord, as the waters cover the sea.—ISAIAH II: 9.

Ply the lever, pioneers!
Many a waiting angel cheers;
Christ above is interceding,
Here the Holy Ghost is pleading,
And the promise of Jehovah
Stands upon His blessed book.

MRS. E. C. JUDSON—"*Song of Maulmain.*"

IT was November 30, 1846, and but two days after anchoring at Amherst, that Mrs. Judson stepped into Maulmain, one of the places that had haunted her visions and aroused her sympathies in early years. It was now a place to be known and an arena for her powers. Unlike missionaries before her, she came to a church and an occupied home; not to unbroken pagan soil, nor with a husband as unskilled as herself in means of intercourse. In these particulars her advantages were much better than those of sister missionaries.

Dr. Judson, some days after settling, writes: "I have set up housekeeping in my old house; and it seems like home, notwithstanding the devastation that death and removal have made. Emily makes one of the best of wives and kindest mothers to the children that

ever man was blessed with. I wish you were here to make one of the family; but I suppose that can not be."

Mrs. Judson must have had a keen sensitiveness to the experiences of her husband in returning to his old home after the changes of a year and a half, which included a round trip to the United States, meetings and partings, death and marriage, the separation of his children, with the ocean rolling between them, and the loss of the ideal wife and mother who here bore his children, and who for ten years and more was the light of his rude dwelling. It required an effort for even so strong a man as Dr. Judson to rise above his feelings, notwithstanding the fact that the blessing which had flown, brightening as it took its flight, was so well compensated for in the one that had come. Yes, the new wife must bear a share of the affliction. Her husband writes to the sons at Worcester, Mass.:

"I can hardly realize that I am sitting in the old house where we all lived together so long; and now your mamma, yourselves, your sister Abby Ann, and little Charlie are gone. It is now evening. I am writing in the hall where I used to sit and study when your mamma had gone down to the coast with Captain and Mrs. Durand. Your new mamma has just put your little brothers Henry and Edward to bed. They lie in the room where you used to sleep before you removed to the corner room. Henry is singing and talking aloud to himself; and what do you think he is saying? Your new mamma just called me to listen: 'My own mamma went away—away in a boat. And then she got wings and went up. And Charlie, too,

went up, and they are flying above the moon and stars.'"

A delicious pain attends such domestic pleasantness, and Fanny Forester was a person to sip the sweetness and taste the bitterness of it. She assumed her duties in a womanly way, yet with extreme modesty. In contemplating attendance upon a woman's meeting, shortly after her settlement, she speaks of "the awkwardness inseparable from my (her) appearance in a company of matrons, where I feel as though I had no right to be. I shall be thankful, my dear Mrs. Stevens, for any advice you or the loved sisters who will meet with you to-day, can give me; for I know that I am utterly unfitted for this sweet burden which God has laid upon my heart and hands. Please ask them for their prayers."

With the opening of the new year, 1847, she was thoroughly installed in her home and work. Her journal is full of humorous entries, such as a poet just entering upon housekeeping might be expected to make. For example: "It seems to me as though I do nothing but get up, turn around and then go to bed again! I believe there never was such a novice in housekeeping; and then the children, and the language, and the thousand and one other botherations! I expected to make a rush at the language, take it by storm, then get a parcel of natives about me and go to work in 'true apostolic style.' * * * This taking care of teething babies, and teaching darkies to darn stockings, and talking English back end foremost to teetotum John, in order to get an eatable dinner, is really very odd sort of business for Fanny Forester.

I wonder what my respectable friends of the anti-F. F. school would say, if they could see my madamly airs. But I begin to get reconciled to my minute cares. I believe women were made for such things; though, when I get settled, I hope to put in a mixture of higher and better things, too. But the person who would do great things well, must practice daily on little ones; and she who would have the assistance of the Almighty in important acts, must be daily and hourly accustomed to consult His will in the minor affairs of life. * * O, how I rejoice that I am out of the whirlpool! Too gay, too trifling for a missionary's wife! That may be; but, after all, gayety is my lightest sin."

Scarcely was the family housed in Maulmain ere the question of removal to Rangoon began to be considered, in earnest. Dr. Judson could not forget his first mooring place, a third of a century before; and though at this time there was not a missionary in that place, no church, no certainty of toleration, yet he believed that there were souls there "groping in the dark and feeling after the truth," and his soul yearned for their salvation. It was the capital of Burmah proper, which lay just across the gulf of Martaban, west, and stretched away to the north. After about six weeks in Maulmain he went to Rangoon on a reconnoitering expedition, leaving Emily to her first experience of his absence: "All alone, and so lonely! My life is one continued heart-ache, for I continually feel as though he was dead. My family worship is broken by tears, for it is *his* business; and when I attempt to bless the food at meals, my voice sometimes utterly fails. Alone, with the children about me, and trying to fill *his* place, I feel widowed indeed."

She took great interest in the projected removal to Rangoon, yet only because she felt that her husband was needed there more than in Maulmain. To her it involved new sacrifices. In a letter to Mrs. Gillette, of Philadelphia, she said: "Were we to settle down in this house with the comforts we should be able to secure, the pleasant English and missionary families about us, although in a very different condition from a pastor's family at home, my taste would be gratified, and I should, as far as the things of this world are concerned, be perfectly happy. But that is not to be. My conscience will not allow me to remain in delightful Maulmain while there is the slightest hope of my husband being able, by going to a place of danger and privation, to do anything for the miserable nation, at the door of which we are standing. I am not myself made for great things, but when I see his heart turning that way, I can say 'go,' and when the trials come, I know I can cheer and comfort him. As soon as I can get a few words of the language—a couple of months, perhaps—we shall put off to Rangoon, and there wait an opportunity to creep into Ava."

This is the same spirit that characterized Sarah B. Judson—anywhere for souls. She had surrendered home and country, fame and fortune, and she would not now stop to compare the degrees of comfort or discomfort in selecting a place of abode, but base all calculations on the probabilities of usefulness to the heathen. In this movement, so soon after settlement, there was already a certainty that a change to Rangoon would bring a loss of congenial society—English,

missionaries and an interesting native church—while it might involve persecution and death, on account of the opposition of the intriguing priesthood and the despotic, pagan government, to the new religion.

In February, 1847, about three months after arriving at Maulmain, Mrs. Judson had the not uncommon experience of housekeepers—an experience of *moving*. Her husband had searched all Rangoon for a suitable house, aided by his former acquaintance with the place, and had succeeded only in obtaining an unsuitable one. For it the owner demanded 100 Rs. (rupees) per month, but finally concluded to take 50 Rs.—$300 a year for the upper part of a brick house, having but few lights and gloomy as a prison! He shrank from taking her into such a den, fearing that she might pine and die there. They, however, accepted the situation, and it so awakened in Mrs. Judson the sense of the uncouth, of the awful, the ugly, the ludicrous, that she seems to have been carried above all feeling of horror at the prospect of living in such a den, and to have turned upon it with a pen of pleasantry, if not of poetic justice, and to have given her friends an example of descriptive writing seldom excelled.

This house was called "Green Turban's Den" for the owner, and also named "Bat Castle" by Mrs. Judson, for reasons found in her description of it. It must have been satisfying to her to find an opportunity, at once, for showing to friends her real domestic life in India, with some of her pets. The following letter to her sister will stand well in the best descriptive writings from the East, and will be much enjoyed.

BAT CASTLE (RANGOON), March 15, 1847.

DEAR KITTY:

I write you from walls as massive as any you read of in old stories, and a great deal uglier—the very eye-ball and heart-core of an old white-bearded Mussulman. Think of one in an immense brick house with rooms as large as the entire "loggery," (our center room is twice as large, and has *no* window,) and only one small window apiece. When I speak of windows, do not think I make any allusion to glass—of course not. The windows (holes) are closed by means of heavy board or plank shutters, tinned over on the outside, as a preventive of fire. The bamboo houses of the natives here are like flax or tinder, and the foreigners, who have more than the one cloth which Burmans wrap about the body, and the mat they sleep on, dare live in nothing but brick. Imagine us, then, on the second floor of this immense den, with nine rooms at our command, the smallest of which (bathing-room and a kind of pantry) is, I think, quite as large as your dining-room, and the rest very much larger. Part of the floors are of brick, and part of boards; but old "Green Turban" white-washed them all, with the walls, before we came, because the Doctor told him, when he was over here, that he "must make the house shine for madam." He did make it shine with a vengeance, between white-washing and greasing. They oil furniture in this country, as Americans do mahogany; but all his doors and other wood-work were fairly dripping, and we have not got rid of the smell yet; nor, with all our rubbing, is it quite safe to hold too long on the door. The partitions are all of brick, and very thick, and the door-sills are *built up*, so that I go over them at three or four steps. Henry mounts and falls off, and Edward gets on all fours, and accomplishes the pass with more safety. The floor overhead is quite low, and the beams, which are frequent, afford shelter to thousands

and thousands of bats, that disturb us in the day-time only by a little cricket-like music, but in the night—Oh, if you could only hear them carouse! The mosquito curtains are our only safeguard; and getting up is horrible. The other night I awoke faint, with a feeling of suffocation; and, without waiting to think, jumped out on the floor. You would have thought "old Nick" himself had come after you, for, of course, you believe these firm friends of the *ladies of the broomstick* incipient imps. If there is nothing wickeder about them than about the little sparrows that come in immense swarms to the same beams, pray what do they do all through the hours of darkness, and why do they circle and whiz about a poor mortal's head, flap their villainous wings in one's face, and then whisk away, as if snickering at the annoyance? We have had men at work nearly a week trying to thin them out, and have killed a great many hundreds, but I suppose their little demoniacal souls come back, each with an attendant, for I am sure there are twice as many as at first. Everything, walls, tables, chairs, etc., are stained by them. Besides the bats, we are blessed with our full share of cockroaches, beetles, spiders, lizards, rats, ants, mosquitoes and bed-bugs. With the last the wood-work is all alive, and the ants troop over the house in great droves, though there are scattering ones beside. Perhaps twenty have crossed my paper since I have been writing. Only one cockroach has paid me a visit, but the neglect of these gentlemen has been fully made up by a company of black bugs about the size of the end of your little finger—nameless adventurers. EMILY.

Dr. Judson, two weeks previous, had also regaled his friends with an account of the bats, mentioning, especially, a raid made upon them: "We have had a grand bat hunt yesterday and to-day—bagged two

hundred and fifty, and calculate to make up a round thousand before we have done. We find that in hiring the upper story of this den we secured the lower moiety only, the upper moiety thereof being pre-occupied by a thriving colony of vagabonds, who flare up through the night with a vengeance, and the sound of their wings is as the sound of many waters, yea, as the sound of your boasted Yankee Niagara; so that sleep departs from our eyes and slumber from our eyelids. But we are reading them some lessons which we hope will be profitable to all parties concerned." *

From the foregoing account it will readily be inferred that housekeeping in Bat Castle was not entirely such as the ordinary woman enjoys. Mrs. Judson's surroundings and experiences provoked something else than mirth, at least occasionally. Though she may be said to have had the novelty of the young wife's housekeeping, it is evident that she would have preferred it in limited quantity. With the chirp of the bats there came the moans of sick children, her own illnesses and those of Dr. Judson, and the domestic training of quite a number.

Miss Lillybridge remained in Maulmain, and she was without her company and sympathy. Dr. Judson engaged with zeal in the work of completing the dictionary, and she undertook the preparation of the Memoir of Sarah B. Judson. To accomplish the latter work she was compelled to suspend, for a short time,

*In the exhibition of "Burman Curios," in December, 1889, by Mrs. Ingalls, the queen of the voracious White Ants of India was shown. She has the form, color and size of a large grub-worm. The importance of her regency is seen in the fact that if found and destroyed her millions of subjects disappear within one or two hours.

the study of the native language. It was important that the book appear at once, and so, sick or well, she wrought upon the manuscript with remarkable diligence. And, as proof of her ability also, it is stated that she "completed the work in six weeks after commencing the examination of the papers."

In removing from Maulmain, from a partially civilized community to one in which the suspicions and rapacity of the despotic government knew no bounds, the missionaries had stored the most and best of their goods, believing that they would be safer in that city than in Rangoon. They left them in two places; the more valuable portion, it seems, with Rev. E. A. Stevens, a most sympathizing friend and an eminent missionary of that day. What was their grief to learn, very soon, that these best things—best clothes and most valuable goods, many of them presents from dear friends in America—through the work of an incendiary had been reduced to ashes. Such tidings are not particularly enjoyed by a woman, especially not by one who is in a foreign land and unaccustomed to such losses.

Another trial of a serious nature was the low state of the cause. One-third of a century had passed since Dr. Judson undertook to plant the good seed of the Gospel in Rangoon; and what was there now to be found as the fruit and reward of his travail of soul? About twenty nominal Christians, and not one-half of them in a good spiritual condition. He found four who united with himself and wife in renewing the covenant and forming a new church. And now, such was the jealousy of the government, he must appear simply as "a minister of a foreign religion, ministering

to foreign residents in the place, and as a dictionary maker, laboring to promote the welfare of both countries." If he tries to save anybody, he must do so secretly.

The fitness of Mrs. Judson for her position now appears. While her husband is cast down by the prospect, she comes to his rescue. He walks up and down her room with clouded face, while she lays the assurances of the Divine Word upon his mind and heart. At last, being nearly exhausted in resources, she turned upon him with a quotation which she learned before she could read, and afterwards wrote everywhere, sometimes at the top of the page when preparing a story "on whose success more depended than its readers ever dreamed." He listened:

> "Beware of desperate steps; the darkest day,
> (Live till to-morrow), will have passed away."

"'I declare,' said he with energy, and his whole face brightening, 'if I could only believe in transmigration, I should have no doubt that we had spent ages together in some other sphere, we are so alike in everything. Why, those two lines have been my motto; I used to repeat them over and over in prison, and I have them now, written on a slip of paper, for a bookmark.' He stood a few moments, thinking and smiling, and then said: 'Well, one thing you didn't do: you never wrote "*Pray without ceasing*" on the cover of your wafer box.' 'No, but I wrote it on my looking-glass.'" The woman who can adroitly lead her husband away from the Slough of Despond has at least one important qualification to be a missionary's wife.

Mrs. Judson suffered considerably from want of good food. At one time she said she was "within an inch of starvation." No good bread. "Make it? What shall I make it of?—or a biscuit, or pie, or anything good? And when it is made of nothing, what shall I bake it in?"

During the rains she suffered much in various ways. Being obliged to sit directly before the window in order to see, she was seriously affected by the damp air. Dr. Judson suffered rheumatism, and she was utterly prostrated; not able to sit up an hour at a time for six weeks. The wooden ceiling was covered with a green mould. Yet, with her table at the side of her couch, she went on with the memoir, writing a few lines at a time, lying down in the intervals.

While so ill, and so hungry for a "bite" that she might relish—"changing the milk woman often, but only to get the same mixture of buffalo's milk, water and something else"—the doctor insisted that she must have something she could eat, else she would starve. The Bazaar-man and the cook fixed up a meal that she relished greatly, and on being urged to tell what the meat was, replied with laughter, "*Rats!*"

By the middle of June troubles of many kinds had settled upon the mission. It was watched by the government and plotted against by Catholic priests. Both Dr. and Mrs. Judson were seriously ill, and sickness and funeral processions were the order of the day throughout the town; "the constant tap-tap of nailing up coffins in the night was dreadful," and the music and screeching of the mourners still more horrible. To this add the severe sickness of both of the boys,

and it will be understood why Mrs. Judson was met by her husband "with red eyes and voice all tremulous with weeping" as he declared that he had never before looked on so discouraging a prospect. But she had seen occasions of darkness before, and now the heroism cultivated amid the distresses of her home-life in New York served a good purpose, and seems to have been superior for the moment to that of the one on whom she leaned for strength. She calmly shared with him, also, the disappointment experienced in not obtaining provision of means with which to make another expedition to Ava, the capital of the Empire, to obtain toleration from the government. This project was supreme in his mind, and entered into the whole plan of removal to Rangoon. He now began to think of returning to Maulmain.

While in Rangoon Mrs. Judson had some rare experiences with the reminiscences of early mission work. Here was the beginning of American missions, just one third of a century previous. Of Rangoon, of the first baptism, the intrepid Ann Hasseltine Judson, whose name had been passed in loving reverence around the Christian world, the death of the only child, the almost fatal cruise of her husband for health, protracted to a year and devoid of the means of sending back a syllable of intelligence, and the various contentions for a foothold for the Gospel—all had been among her early readings, and had inspired her, when but eleven years of age, with a missionary spirit. Now she goes over the old field of trial and triumph, and lives, for the hour, with those into whose inheritance of love and suffering she has entered.

She visited the waters that were parted by the baptism of the first Burman convert, at that memorable sunset. "I could not," she wrote, "if I were to attempt it, give anything like an insight into my feelings as I stood under the shadow of the cocoa and lime trees on the banks of that beautiful pool, and gazed down into the clear waters. How angels must have rejoiced over that penitent! the first link in a precious chain which is to reach down to the remotest times!"

She also visited the site of the old mission house. The building had been torn down after the war, and the place was now covered by a garden of betel, so thickly planted that one could with difficulty make his way among the long creepers that climbed above the head. Dr. Judson, conducting her through the grounds, found it somewhat difficult to identify all the points. Mrs. Judson describes the visit with pathetic emotion:

A plainly dressed, sober-faced, middle-aged Burman had been regarding our movements for some time with curiosity, and he now ventured on a remark.

"I am looking for a good well from which I drank water many years ago," was the reply. "It was close by my house and was bricked up."

"Your house!" repeated the man with astonishment.

"Yes, I lived here formerly."

The Burman turned his eye on the tall betel vines with a kind of wondering incredulity, and then back upon our faces.

"It was in the reign of *Bo-dan-parah*," (the fourth king from the present reigning monarch.)

If, my dear Mr. Bright, some modern looking person should walk into your parlor and announce himself as the "Wandering Jew," I doubt whether your smile and shrug

would be quite so significant as were those of our new friend. There was the well, however, a proof against imposture; and the next moment it was evidently so regarded by the Burman, for he led the way to it without speaking. It was a large, square well—the bricks all green with moss, or silvered by lichens —almost as good as new, and quite superior to anything in the neighborhood. It could not be looked upon without some emotion; and the man stood by us, listening to all our remarks as though he hoped to hear something he might understand; and when we went away he followed a little, and then stood and gazed after us in wondering silence.

Another of our visiting places was the but half-inclosed neglected English grave-yard. The first child of European parents born in Burmah had been buried there; and there was a strong tie between the mouldering little one and ourselves. Over the grave of *little Roger* stood, but slightly broken, the rude brick monument which was built thirty-three years ago; and a tall azalia, very much like those which perfume the forests of our New York, had grown out from the base, almost overshadowing it. It was strange to stand and muse beside that little grave, with one parent by my side, and the other so irrecoverably a being of the past. Oh, how she had wept there!—and how *human* she grew!—she whom I had formerly only wondered at—while my own tears started in sympathy.

One might almost envy the romance of Alderbrook for the delicious melancholy of that hour, were there first a capacity, like hers, to entertain it. It was of brief continuance, however, and her seven month's stay in Rangoon but an episode in her eventful career. The time was well occupied in training her household, and, after writing the memoir, in qualifying herself for reaching the benighted souls about her. But that city

did not yet present the open door to the Burman empire that Dr. Judson hoped for, and he sorrowfully turned away, and with his family went back to Maulmain. At the time of this writing, however, Rangoon contains fully 4,750 Baptists; more in proportion to population than the average American city. It also has schools, printing-houses, and other elements of civilization.

X.

Maulmain—*THREE YEARS THERE.*

"It may be in a diviner care,
Transfigured and made pure,
The harvest, which we deemed wholly lost,
Waits, perfect and mature.
And the faint heart that now defeated grieves
May yet stand smiling 'mid abundant sheaves."

IT was early in September when the Judsons arrived again in Maulmain to take up the thread of toil there so recently dropped. At that time there were in the place twenty-four missionaries, male and female. So large a collection in one town, in that day of felt scarcity of laborers, was not only strange, but a grievance to Dr. Judson, in which his wife shared. They had been ready to carry the Gospel to Ava also, but were hindered, for some wise reason, and now they quieted down to the routine of home-life and study, awaiting the leadings of Providence.

As the year came to a close, on December 24, 1847, they became the happy parents of a daughter. It was Mrs. Judson's first-born, and the event gave her a thrill of delight. While it enkindled in her heart gratitude to God for the precious gift, it likewise stirred the spirit of song, and was the occasion of one of her most beautiful poems. To a poet of her class a babe is a poem, lacking only versification. And so deeply was the fountain moved at this time that its finest

sparkle was given forth. The little one took her place in the Family Record as *Emily Frances*, while for the pleasure of the reading world she was immortalized as "My Bird." The following are the lines:

MY BIRD.

Ere last year's moon had left the sky,
  A birdling sought my Indian nest,
And folded, O, so lovingly!
  Her tiny wings upon my breast.

From morn till evening's purple tinge
  In winsome helplessness she lies;
Two rose leaves, with a silken fringe,
  Shut softly on her starry eyes.

There's not in Ind a lovelier bird;
  Broad earth owns not a happier nest;
O God, thou hast a fountain stirred,
  Whose waters nevermore shall rest!

This beautiful, mysterious thing,
  This seeming visitant from heaven,
This bird with the immortal wing,
  To me—to me Thy hand has given.

The pulse first caught its tiny stroke,
  The blood its crimson hue, from mine;
This life, which I have dared invoke,
  Henceforth is parallel with thine.

A silent awe is in my room;
  I tremble with delicious fear;
The future, with its light and gloom,—
  Time and Eternity are here.

Doubts—hopes in eager tumult rise;
  Hear, O my God! one earnest prayer:
Room for my bird in Paradise,
  And give her angel plumage there.

Emily Frances Judson.

(*Mrs. T. A. T. Hanna, Phila.*)

It is seen that each line is not only fraught with a very delicate sentiment, but also contains a most tender appreciation of the honors and responsibilities of motherhood. In reading it, one can but wish that every mother were a Christian poet. And as this "Bird" is followed in her career to the present time, and is found happily domesticated as a pastor's wife, and chirping amid a full nest of birds of her own, it is seen how the impress of the hand that was removed, and the contact of the heart that was stilled when she was less than seven years of age, determined even then the character of this beautiful mother.

It is a great gratification to the author to be able to give a picture of Mrs. Hanna, as she appeared at about the age of twenty-two. With only a little more matured look now, her appearance is the same as then.

The year 1848 dawned auspiciously upon the Judson home. All were quite well, and, except that Dr. Judson was still stinging under his disappointment in not getting to the heart of the Burman Empire, were quite happy. Their home, after returning to Maulmain, was fixed at some distance from the chapel, in order that Dr. Judson might keep aloof from pastoral concerns and attachments, and thus render it easy for him to leave if the way should open for him to go to Ava. Then, as the prospect seemed to close entirely, they removed to their former home; the same that was occupied by the family when the second wife was living.

Mrs. Judson's life in Rangoon, brief as it was, resulted in the writing of the Memoir of Sarah B. Judson, which has had an influential place in missionary

annals. It was written in the style peculiar to the author, and had a large circulation. And though this work and the illness of herself and family stood in the way of constant study of the language, yet she enjoyed some opportunity for learning it, and had the faculty of acquiring it rapidly. In Maulmain, life flows on with added family cares, and new efforts to accomplish something bearing directly on the progress of the mission.

She was now dwelling near the Burman church, and though her husband did not again assume the full pastorate she was privileged, as the health of the family permitted, to conduct prayer-meetings of native females and class exercises in the Scriptures. To this labor she added a special work—the completion of her predecessor's series of Scripture Questions on historical parts of the New Testament. And Dr. Judson expressed the hope that "the young romancer" might yet "come to some good."

Doubtless she was still annoyed by adverse opinions as to her fitness for her position. The state of missionary sentiment in America was not yet such as to preclude unfavorable criticism, even without occasion. She had done well for the time and opportunity granted; still a sister missionary, Mrs. Brayton, took up her cause, as is evident from the following extract of a letter to her, acknowledging her thoughtful kindness, dated nearly two years after her marriage:

"I fully appreciate your kindness in 'advocating my cause,' but, after all, my dear sister, of what consequence are the opinions of men? Why should I spend the few precious hours allotted me here in trying to

convince people away in America that I am a good missionary? If I walk humbly and prayerfully before God, try to do all the good in my power, and leave my reputation in His hands, I am not afraid that I shall suffer. But for this trust I should scarce have ventured to put myself in a position to be criticised, as I very well knew I was doing when I consented to come to Burmah. Formerly I used the little talent that God had given me for what I believed a legitimate object, and I can but believe I was blessed in so doing. As soon as that object was accomplished, He opened a wider field of usefulness, and I entered it. That I am unfit for the work I very well know; that I may be fitted for it I daily pray. But will it fit me any better —shall I be any more diligent and prayerful, if I distract my mind and divide my attention between what Americans think of me, and what Burmans think of my Savior? No, no, my dear sister. Though many may think ill of me, I already have more credit than I deserve, and my little, small, insignificant self is not worth the ink that would be wasted on a vindication, explanation, or whatever you may choose to call it."

Just as this biography was being sent to the printers, the author received the following extract of a letter from Mrs. Wade to Mrs. O'Brien, in this country, incidentally giving the view of one of the wisest and most experienced of missionaries:

TAVOY, February 25, 1847.

MY OWN BELOVED SISTER:

* * * Brother Judson returned to us with improved health, and had gone to Rangoon, when Mr. Wade went to Maulmain to take our sweet little girls (Mr. Mason's) to

sister Brayton, who is to take them home. Mr. Wade was *pleased* with our new sister Judson, as all the friends are at Maulmain, as far as I have been able to learn. Her health has been our greatest cause for anxiety, but Mr. Wade says she looks pretty well now. As it regards her *age*, people at home can not know how *unwise* it would have been for him to have brought a wife of a "suitable age" to this country, to be obliged to speak a new language and adapt herself to such a strange people. Our beloved brother knew what he was doing, and I think time will prove that he chose *wisely*.

Her facility in learning and in using the dialect of the natives has been mentioned as remarkable; and this is further indicated by the earliness at which she employed it for their benefit. It is said that "she entered with hearty sympathy into her husband's dry dictionary labors, and not only solaced his hours of relaxation, but aided with her acute suggestions in resolving many a knotty word-problem; while she herself attained a practical mastery of the Burmese language, and even an elegance in writing it, entirely beyond what could have been anticipated from the exceeding slenderness of her health, and her engrossing domestic cares."

As the year 1848 drew to a close, thick clouds gathered about her home. Of these she was not so fully conscious as were others, because they were occasioned by her own illness; a circumstance less serious to her view, obviously, than to others. A pony was purchased and exercise in the saddle was tried as a remedy, but only for one week. Then she declined very rapidly. A trip to Tavoy was next tried. But after a

week, in which she did not go out, nor realize any essential change for the better, she returned to Maulmain "in a serious plight." After some time, in which much attention was given by friends to her state and needs, she partially recovered and felt quite hopeful for the future.

For nearly five months she had been unable to read aloud or to talk continuously, and as the native tongue is retained only by using the voice, she lost very much in the language. This was an occasion of grief to her, but she had learned not to expect to make rapid headway, and to submit to the divine pleasure. Her journal contains full statements of her religious experience, and shows a simple type of piety, unmistakably genuine and progressive.

In May, 1849, she felt able to resume literary labor, and did so, though, doubtless, working beyond her strength. She completed some notes to the memoir, on which she bestowed more time, proportionately, than on the body of the book, took a short lesson in Burmese daily, and resumed the charge of the native female prayer-meeting. The women were much delighted to notice the improvement of her health, and were anxious that she should begin the Bible-class again; thus proving their attachment to her, and their appreciation of her services. She had promised them a translation of portions of "Pilgrim's Progress" not yet given them, and they were anxiously inquiring for it.

As the following year, 1849, was closing, there was a change of solicitude from the husband to the wife. It was now her turn to be deeply anxious, and to

acknowledge an occasion of alarm. Dr. Judson had taken a violent cold, and this was followed by an attack of the fever of the country, of a very grave character; so grave, indeed, that during the months in which it was protracted he was often heard to say that, compared to it, he had never been ill in India before. In January (1850) he and Mrs. Judson made a trip down the coast to Mergui, by steamer, in hope of relieving him, but it furnished no permanent change. Next they spent a month at Amherst, also without benefit. A change of house was tried, but it brought no relief.

Thus for months Dr. Judson continued to fail, until "one evening his muscular strength gave way, and he was prostrated on the bed, unable to help himself. The Doctor now became alarmed, and said the only hope for him was a long voyage." Mrs. Judson, thus writing, was confronted by more serious circumstances than she had yet met. It was the only decline which nothing seemed to check, and death was imminent, except as it might be averted by sea air. A voyage must be taken, and without her, as her situation made it necessary for her to remain at home. The separation would thus cause the deepest solicitude on the part of each. He would be anxious concerning her, while she would be distressed by his detention, because she could not be company for him, nor assistance, nor be able to hear from him for a long time after his departure.

Mrs. Judson was now weary and cast down; never so heavy-hearted in her life before. Naturally confiding and disposed to lean upon her friends for sym-

pathy, she had reached an occasion when one of her "old friends" would have been indeed a ministering angel, notwithstanding the neighborliness of sister missionaries. Her husband must go, must go!—no one could say whether to return, while the probability that he would not arose almost to a certainty. She, a wife of less than four summers, already began to see the weeds of widowhood coming upon her.

Dr. Judson had been ill for five months when, one evening, as he attempted to reach his cot his back gave way and he was unable longer to stand on his feet. His case was now desperate, and the plan of putting to sea must be carried out. Passage was engaged on the French bark Aristide Marie, bound for the Isle of Bourbon, and he was carried aboard April 3d, with Mr. Ranney, of the mission, for his companion and nurse, and also a faithful Bengalee servant who had been in the family two years. Arrangements for his comfort were as complete as possible.

By a conflict of authorities the vessel failed of being towed out of the river for some days. Mrs. Judson went on board with him and continued there, ministering to his comfort throughout the day. At dark she returned to her saddened home, to stay with the children. Next day, finding that the vessel had dropped down but a little distance, she obtained a boat and overtook it and spent another day with him. The third day, also, she went, finding him not so well as on previous days, yet compelled to leave him at night; as she then supposed, finally. On the morning of the fourth day she was so distressed with anxiety that she again took a boat and reached the vessel at about two

o'clock in the afternoon. She found him unable to speak except in whispers, and she felt like coinciding with the natives that she had sent to fan him, in their importunity to have him taken ashore. Still, the physician's orders must be obeyed, and again she bade him adieu, and for the last time. It was dark. The deep shadows of the night were but a figure of the real shadows upon her heart. The lips that "moved to say some word of farewell," gave no sound.

After six days the vessel cleared the river, and the pilot was able to leave it to go on its way. By him word was returned to Mrs. Judson from the invalid, that "there was something animating in the touch of the sea breeze," and that he believed it to be the will of God that he should recover. But the cloud on her heart did not depart with the little gilding he gave to it. That last sad parting, "without a word, and almost without a thought, so entirely had pain absorbed every faculty," could not be forgotten. The cloud did not rise.

On the 12th, nine days after embarkation, he reached the end of toil and suffering. His last words, like those of his beloved Ann, were in the language of the people of his heart—the Burmese. He said to the servant: "Take care of poor mistress," and soon expired. It seeming best to bury soon, a strong plank coffin was promptly made, several buckets of sand poured into it to make it sink, and all that was mortal of Adoniram Judson was committed to the deep.

"Poor mistress," now poor indeed, could only have painful imaginings as to the scenes upon the Aristide Marie. Nor were her forebodings to be removed or

in anywise answered by early tidings. Vessels were comparatively few in the Indian Ocean then; ports were not numerous nor easily entered, and a passing vessel available for exchanging the news and mails was a rarity.

When Mrs. Judson returned from the ship to her darkened home on that last sad evening she was fully conscious of the main facts as to his condition, and could but be convinced as to the nature of the message that would be brought to her after some months —how many, she had no means of determining. The next day was the Sabbath; and such a Sabbath in the once bright and happy home of the Judsons! The father and husband was gone; the morning light was gloom, the sound of preparation for the joys of the day was muffled, and the music of the children's voices seemed to be keyed to a sepulchral note. And was not this the first of unnumbered Sabbaths of darkness, not of light, as formerly?

Monday brought its accustomed toil and turbulence, but no husband from his Sunday work to share the yoke. Nor was there the semblance of rainbow in her darkened sky. There was no hope that he would come bounding over the threshold at eventide, driving out the gloom and bringing back the children's glee. Nor was there any promise for the succeeding day; nor for the day subsequent to that. The children might ask when papa would come, but the question would only add to the consciousness of inability to answer. It was night!—all the while, night!

On the tenth day of his departure, borne from home on a litter, his lifeless body was lowered to the bottom

of the sea; and ten days thereafter she gave birth to a lifeless form that was lowered to its little bed in the ground. While hope that she should again receive her husband had about expired with the day on which she last left him, there was another hope—the hope that springs gladsome, if not immortal, in woman's breast—that she might have one to bear his image and name.

Between solicitude for him who was drifting away, farther and farther, and the anxious expectancy of the near event at home, her tender heart was truly tried. The child's coming could bring only an abated joy in the father's absence; and if he should never return, it would be but a half-joy through life.

God ordered the event in a wise way, though it wounded her heart most severely. She was susceptible to conflicting emotions in an unusual degree, and never more so than on this occasion. And ere long she gave expression to her feelings in one of the finest strains of domestic verse of which she was author. The "given name" of the child had been selected in honor of her father, Charles Chubbuck, and his still, natal day gave rise to the following beautiful lines:

ANGEL CHARLIE.

He came—a beauteous vision—
  Then, vanished from my sight,
His wing one moment cleaving
  The blackness of my night;
My glad ear caught its rustle,
  Then, sweeping by, he stole
The dew-drop that his coming
  Had cherished in my soul.

Oh, he had been my solace
When grief my spirit swayed,
And on his fragile being
Had tender hopes been stayed;
Where thought, where feeling lingered
His form was sure to glide,
And in the lone night watches
'Twas ever by my side.

He came; but as the blossom
Its petals closes up
And hides them from the tempest,
Within its sheltering cup,
So he his spirit gathered
Back to his frightened breast,
And passed from earth's grim threshold,
To be the Savior's guest.

My boy—Ah, me! the sweetness,
The anguish of that word!—
My boy, when in strange night dreams
My slumbering soul is stirred;
When music floats around me,
When soft lips touch my brow,
And whisper gentle greetings,
Oh, tell me, is it thou?

I know, by one sweet token,
My Charlie is not dead;
One golden clue he left me,
As on his track he sped.
Were he some gem or blossom,
But fashioned for to-day,
My love would slowly perish
With his dissolving clay.

Oh, by this deathless yearning,
Which is not idly given;
By the delicious nearness
My spirit feels to heaven;

By dreams that throng my night-sleep,
  By visions of the day,
By whispers when I'm erring,
  By promptings when I pray;—

I know this life so cherished,
  Which sprang beneath my heart,
Which formed of my own being
  So beautiful a part;
This precious, winsome creature,
  My unfledged, voiceless dove,
Lifts now a seraph's pinion,
  And warbles lays of love.

Oh, I would not recall thee,
  My glorious angel boy!
Thou needest not my bosom,
  Rare bird of light and joy;
Here dash I down the tear-drops,
  Still gathering in my eyes;
Blest—Oh! how blest!—in adding
  A seraph to the skies!

XI.

"The Iron Cross"—*HOMEWARD FLIGHT.*

I thank Thee, gracious Lord,
For the divine award
Of strength that helps me up the heavy heights
Of mortal sorrow, where, through the tears forlorn,
My eyes get glimpses of the authentic lights
Of love's eternal morn.

ALICE CARY.

AS days wore away, lengthened to weeks, and then to months, Mrs. Judson became increasingly familiar with some of the exigencies of missionary life. Especially did she become schooled in the hardest of all tasks, *waiting*—waiting for tidings from a husband in quest of health. Her situation was not less trying than was that of Ann H. Judson at Rangoon in 1818, when the same one was drifting over the Bay of Bengal, near to death's door and equally unable to hear or to be heard from; and not less was she in direct and faithful performance of duty. But to her was given the eminent faculty of poesy, and she was able to versify some of the trials of a missionary career, thus showing them in a real and impressive light, and adding to the literature of missions. The following to her mother, composed during this terrible ordeal of waiting, is confessedly highly poetic, and is an instructive epigram of human experience:

SWEET MOTHER.

The wild south-west monsoon has risen,
On broad, gray wings of gloom,
While here from out my dreary prison
I look as from a tomb;
Alas!
My heart another tomb.

Upon the low, thatched roof the rain
With ceaseless patter falls;
My choicest treasures bear its stain,
Mould gathers on the walls—
Would Heaven
'Twere only on the walls!

Sweet mother, I am here alone,
In sorrow and in pain;
The sunshine from my heart has flown,
It feels the driving rain;
Ah, me!
The chill, the mould, and rain.

Four laggard months have wheeled their round
Since love upon it smiled;
And everything of earth has frowned
On thy poor stricken child
Sweet friend,
Thy weary, suffering child.

I'd watched him, mother, night and day,
Scarce breathing when he slept,
And as my hopes were swept away
I'd in his bosom wept!
Oh, God!
How had I prayed and wept!

They bore him from me to the ship,
As bearers bear the dead;
I pressed his speechless, quivering lip,
And left him on his bed,—
Alas!
It seemed a coffin bed.

Then, mother, little Charley came,
Our beautiful, fair boy,
With my own father's cherished name,—
But Oh, he brought no joy,—
My child
Brought mourning and no joy.

His little grave I may not see,
Though weary months have sped
Since pitying lips bent over me,
And whispered, "He is dead."
Ah, me!
'Tis dreadful to be dead!

I do not mean for one like me,
So weary; worn and weak;
Death's shadowy paleness seems to be,
E'en now, upon my cheek;
His seal
On form, and brow, and cheek.

But for a bright-winged bird like him,
To hush his joyous song,
And prisoned in a coffin dim,
Join Death's pale, phantom throng—
My boy
To join that grizzly throng!

Oh, mother, I can scarcely bear
To think of this to-day!
It was so exquisitely fair,—
That little form of clay—
My heart
Still lingers by his clay.

And when for one loved far, far more,
Come thickly gathering tears,
My star of faith is clouded o'er;
I sink beneath my fears,
Sweet friend,
My heavy weight of fears.

Oh, should he not return to me,
Drear, drear must be my night;
And, mother, I can almost see,
E'en now, the gath'ring blight;
I stand
As stricken by the blight.

Oh, but to feel thy fond arms twine
Around me once again!
It almost seems those lips of thine
Might kiss away the pain;
Might soothe
This dull, cold, heavy pain.

But, gentle mother, through life's storms
I may not lean on thee;
For helpless, cowering little forms
Cling trustingly to me,—
Poor babes!
To have no guide but me!

With weary foot and broken wing,
With bleeding heart and sore,
Thy dove looks backward sorrowing,
But seeks the ark no more;
Thy breast
Seeks never, never more.

Sweet mother, for the exile pray
That loftier faith be given;
Her broken reeds all swept away,
That she may lean on Heaven;
Her soul
Grow strong in trust of Heaven.

All fearfully—all tearfully,
Alone and sorrowing,
My dim eye lifted to the sky,
Fast to the Cross I cling,—
Oh, Christ!
To thy dear cross I cling.

The summer wore away, and the hour of Mr. Ranney's release from his enforced, protracted voyage came to a close. Nearly five months had elapsed since the shadows of the Burman mountains had ceased to fall upon Dr. Judson, who loved them for the sake of the souls they sheltered. Now it is known that he is no more, and the shadows are all her own, deepened by a sense of bereavement such as few are capable of experiencing. Her almost constant illness, that had reduced her to a skeleton, and the sickness of the family and its cares, had rendered the summer distressful indeed; and all now culminated with "the last blow," the loss of her "guide." "I can think of nothing," she writes, "and see nothing, but the black shadows that have fallen upon my own heart and life."

Four years, in which to become a bride and twice a mother, to sail half way around the globe, guide a home and motherless children in heathen cities, to pass twice through the shadow of death, write a book, learn a language and translate considerably for native Christians, conduct Bible-class and prayer-meetings for the natives, care for a husband whose life is going out —this is much in the time and for the day in which it was done.

A cultivated woman in a heathen land, patiently performing duty, exemplifying before the eyes of the indolent and vicious the virtues of industry and charity, and looking well to the ways of her household, is a gift to the country of inestimable value. And when to all this is added the character of *missionary*, another element of good comes into the reckoning; its exact worth being determined by the place she fills and the need she supplies.

Mrs. Judson had a very difficult station. As the wife of the pride of the American churches, and the successor of "two such women," she must meet a very unusual demand. As a stepmother, she must be blameless. As an intellectual woman, she must instruct the ignorant and supply literary helps when required; and with it all she must maintain her old friendships, and gratify the loved in America with full and frequent descriptions of the East. Her fame as an author had lost its charm, and now she must sustain the loves and cares of home-life, using her pen when it would serve the purpose.

In the height of her career as a story-writer she drew an artless and truthful picture of "The Unuseful," in the character of Nora Maylie, which concluded in the following words: "She cheered, she encouraged, she smoothed difficulties, she soothed peevishness, and softened heartlessness; her loving spirit stealing unobserved on all, and distilling its own dews over the whole household." Such is the really useful; under the popular ban because it is not other than it is. In writing the sketch, Mrs. Judson defended a class that is not much appreciated in the great business world, where material things have such supremacy. One can easily imagine that she was feeling the sting of some "practical" person's remarks, and perhaps wrote in self-defense.

From the present view-point there can scarcely be a shadow of doubt as to her usefulness in India during the illnesses of her family, and particularly in the closing months of Dr. Judson's grand but painful career. Though sometimes too weak to lift her own babe, she

had a valiant spirit that imparted strength to others by its own potent contact. She had learned the art of cheering friends amid the severities of a New York climate and the obstinate pressure of poverty. She could give an artiste's touch to grotesque and even horrid things, trick a dungeon into a drawing-room, and dull the edge of pain.

How can any one read her full and affecting account of her husband's last days and not feel that she saw the best of the experience and spoke only of that; filled his soul with good cheer for the final conflict; kept her own woes in the background, and sent him away in lively hope of health or heaven? What better in such an hour than such an angel of sympathy? He had no need of a preacher to stand over him and laboriously strive to justify the ways of God, or vindicate eternal providence. A song was preferable to a sermon, and the buoyant songster to the sermonizer. And the disposition that caused the youthful Emily to run a mile "as fleetly as her small feet would carry her," to get a pinafore of roses to shower upon the death-bed of her sister Lavinia was the same that in its maturity brightened up the "blessing" of her Indian home when about to take his flight.

Her youthfulness was not a misfortune in this dark hour. She was not too young for Dr. Judson, who needed her compensating buoyancy in his increasing debility. It was to her that he spoke those triumphant words that seldom fail to draw tears, no matter how often read: "I suppose they think me an old man, and imagine it is nothing for one like me to resign a life so full of trials. But I am not old—at least in that sense;

you know I am not. O, no man ever left this world with more inviting prospects, with brighter hopes or warmer feelings—warmer feelings," he repeated, and burst into tears. His face was perfectly placid, even while the tears broke away from the closed lids, and rolled, one after another, down to the pillow.

The part that Mrs. Judson had in that victory may not be recognized by all, as, doubtless, it was not by herself; yet the hand that smoothes the pillow and lays the roses upon it is not the least of the benedictions of a dying hour, especially in a heathen land.

After months of suspense and loneliness the heavy tidings came, by way of Calcutta. They were communicated by a Scotch clergyman of that city, who was himself painfully anticipating this stroke upon the general cause of missions in the East, and who accompanied the news with heartiest expressions of sorrow and sympathy. She likewise was favored with the extraordinary condescension of the Lord Bishop of Calcutta, who some time afterward was in Maulmain, and called to offer his condolence on her great loss, presenting her also with a copy of the Bible.

The first question of a serious, practical nature, incident to widowhood, occurred to her immediately and with special pressure—*what to do!* Dr. Judson had expressed the wish that in case of his death she should return to America with the children; and this course would naturally be considered before any other. But she viewed the situation calmly, and took time to consider. Although the future was dark, and her heart heavy, she had formed the usual attachment for the object to which she had consecrated herself. Those

repulsive creatures whom she was trying to benefit assumed a certain attractiveness the moment she thought of leaving them; and they manifested the deepest interest in her as a guide and instructor.

But the advice of the missionaries, and the circumstances of the case, finally formed the verdict in favor of return. Her grief at the decision was mitigated only by a conviction of its reasonableness. In a letter to her friend Miss Anable, to whose arms she was only too glad to fly, especially when in trouble, she expresses her feelings as follows: "My heart is *here*—I love the missionaries, love the work, and love the precious Christians that have been accustomed to gather round me for prayer and instruction. They sobbed like so many children when I announced my purpose of returning. My knowledge of the language is too important to be thrown away, and my knowledge of the character and habits of the people is probably (from peculiar circumstances) greater than that of many who have been longer in the field. But the state of my health and the good of the children require a sacrifice of feeling which, from your distance, you will be unable to appreciate."

Again, to the same, after the lapse of three months: "Weary and desolate—weary, worn and desolate—Oh, Anna Maria, my path is mantled by the very 'blackness of darkness.' I am on the eve of embarkation; one day more, and I leave my loving, sympathizing friends here, to plunge into the midst of strangers. How well fitted I am for the long and lonely voyage you will imagine when I tell you that I have not been able to enter the nearest mission house since that fatal

April but once, and then (two weeks since) it brought on a relapse, from which I am still suffering. My Calcutta friends write me kindly—tenderly even—and though they are strange friends, God may see fit to turn their hearts toward me—I don't know. It is better, of course, to look altogether above the world, but that is scarcely possible while in it. O, for the rest of the people of God! I sometimes feel that it would be delightful to share *his* grave—but then, the children!"

Two days after writing in this strain Mrs. Judson, "with aching heart and tearful eye, bade adieu to Maulmain, the scene of her happiest and wretchedest hours." She had seen much in four years. She had lived in both Rangoon and Maulmain. Ann never saw Maulmain; Sarah never saw Rangoon. On the other hand, Emily never saw Ava nor Oung-pen-la; neither did she thread the jungles with an expiring husband. But she lived in Bat Castle, the "Green Turban's Den," and saw her dying husband borne away to the voracious sea, with no hope of meeting him again in this world. She toiled, had patience, did not faint, and He who holds the seven stars in his right hand knows her works.

On the 22d of January, 1851, she commenced the long voyage to America—herself, three children, and a Burmese servant girl. Early in February she reached Calcutta, by way of which city, though out of the way, home-going, as well as coming, generally must be done. There she experienced the customary detention of some weeks ere an English or American vessel could be secured. But it was for her profit, and might have been for her pleasure had she not "grown more

and more poorly every day," and been prevented from visiting Serampore and becoming acquainted with the missionaries and their work there. In Calcutta she received every kindness needed, and, on Dr. Judson's account, a donation of three thousand rupees ($1,500) from gentlemen of different religious sects. This "Judson Testimonial" she used in defraying her expenses to America. She embarked February 24th on the ship Tudor for London; one-half of the above amount being required for passage thus far. Dr. Kendrick briefly and happily mentions the voyage as follows:

"The captain was unweariedly attentive; her fellow-passengers courteous and respectful; and a Mrs. Thomas especially, though a brilliant woman of the world, yet, by her unaffected sympathy and warm-heartedness, as well as by her intelligence, won a large place in the heart of the stricken widow. Mrs. Thomas' husband was not with her, and Mrs. Judson wrote for her—as an address to him in his absence—the little poem, 'Alone upon the deep, love.' She gazed sadly upon the receding shores of India; caught for the last time 'the spicy breezes' that blow from those groves of balm and islands clothed with eternal summer, and once more the Southern Cross looked down upon her—but with a deeper, sadder meaning than when she first gazed on it through the glowing atmosphere of hope. Its strange, blended lesson of severity and kindness she thus sweetly interpreted":

TO THE SOUTHERN CROSS.

Sweet empress of the southern sea,
Hail to thy loveliness once more!
Thou gazest mournfully on me,
As mindful we have met before.

When first I saw the Polar Star
Go down behind the silver sea,
And greeted thy wild light from far,
I did not know its mystery.

My Polar Star was by my side,
The star of hope was on my brow;
I've lost them both beneath the tide,—
The cross alone is left me now.

Not such as thou, sweet Thing of stars,
Moving in queenly state on high;
But wrought of stern, cold iron bars,
And borne, ah me! so wearily!

Yet something from these soft, warm skies
Seems whispering "Thou shalt yet be blest!"
And gazing in thy tender eyes,
The symbol brightens on my breast.

I read at last the mystery
That slumbers in each starry gem;
The weary pathway to the sky—
The iron cross—the diadem.

After pleasantly voyaging for three months, in which time she had gained greatly in health—had recovered her appetite and the complexion of her better days—the ship reached Cape Town. The heavy gales encountered, during which she and others were shut up in darkened cabins, proved a benefit to her. The passengers said that the fairies had changed her. And this improvement was partly due to the care of the captain. "His attentions to us who have no protectors," she says, "are not merely the attentions of a courteous, gentlemanly commander, but the thoughtful watchfulness of a brother or husband." This kindness, and the society of Mrs. Thomas, gave her a greatly increased regard for the English people.

The Tudor remained in port at Cape Town a few days, giving Mrs. Judson an opportunity to go ashore and enjoy the society of the foreign residents there. She speaks of "getting ready for a dinner party, three miles out of town, at the fashionable after-dark hour"; a relief to the severities of the months previous, that must have been very beneficial to her mind and, therefore, to her general health.

The vessel weighed anchor about the first of June and reached London about the middle of August, when she found her health greatly improved, as she supposed, while "the sallow Indian cheeks of her children were beginning to glow with English roses." Here she remained a little more than one month; and though taking quiet lodgings in a retired quarter of the city, the large-hearted English who were in sympathy with missions, and with herself and family in particular, took her under their own care and made her stay delightful.

On the 20th of September she sailed from Liverpool in the steamer Canada, and reached Boston early in October, a little more than five years after she had left that city for the East.

XII.

Authorship Again—*FOR LOVE AND FOR LIFE.*

Everywhere in life the true question is, not what we *gain*, but what we *do*.—CARLYLE.

"Seldom can the heart be lonely
If it seek a lonelier still;
Self-forgetting, seeking only
Emptier cups of love to fill."

A NEW era in Mrs. Judson's singular history now begins, and it is the last. The changes in her inner life were by no means the least of those she had experienced. Some can realize how such an overturning of plans and habits as she had passed through would affect heart and mind. There was the sudden interruption of her literary work, the surprising, embarrassing offer of marriage, the hasty consummation of her nuptials, the early departure from the country, the sea voyage with its novelties and severities, the immediate installment as mother of a family, and in a land where there were few conveniences and few sympathizers, the repulsive aspects of heathenism—sickness, deaths, return—all in five years! Not the least of these was the transition from one land to another, and back again; the repeated breaking up of domestic life after the feelings had become as firmly settled as the place of residence was thought to be. Such experience is

distracting, and sometimes strands the subject of it, particularly one in whom the affections predominate.

When she touched again the shore of her native land she had to recover from the effects of five years of absence. And, with other changes, she now found herself at the head of a family of six children. The three oldest, who were left in this country by their father, Dr. Judson, were now committed to her care, while the three younger, with the Burmese girl, continued with her. How her own lines, written in her solitary situation in Maulmain, must have recurred to her:

"—helpless, cowering little forms
Cling trustingly to me,—
Poor babes!
To have no guide but me."

But she was promptly offered a home for Adoniram and Elnathan by Dr. Bright, of New York, and she arranged for the education of the oldest daughter, Abby, by Miss Anable, of Philadelphia, formerly of Utica, one of the most competent teachers in the country. She then proceeded with the rest of the family to Hamilton, where her parents still lived. It was, in her own words,

"With weary foot and broken wing,
With bleeding heart and sore,"

that the songstress now perched again amid the boughs of the old roof-tree. But her sorrows were not without the compensating joys of the welcome.

After a month with her friends at Hamilton she turned again to the serious, the labor-side of her life. She was not yet ready for rest, present or eternal, not

being through with toil nor with sickness. The Christian world wanted a Life of Dr. Judson, and the sooner it could be furnished the better. Her help in producing it was indispensable, though so competent a person as Dr. Francis Wayland had been engaged to write it. To perform her part of the work it seemed necessary that she go to Providence, Rhode Island, where she should be in the immediate society of the author, and remain there until it had been thoroughly planned, if not completed.

In making the journey she felt it to be very desirable to go by way of Philadelphia and visit friends there. Accordingly she set out in November, and after a brief sojourn in that city where her health and her reputation had been so well cherished she reached the city of Providence by the time winter had begun, and took lodgings for herself and the three children brought from India.

Her duties were of a very taxing nature: Writing in all directions for letters, documents and reminiscences, which work, attended as it was with delays and unsatisfactory replies, must have been exceedingly trying. She might have written a book in one-half the time required for compiling one, as principal or as assistant. "Armed with documents, she went to work, reading, selecting, copying, digesting, commenting, and where her own knowledge availed, filling out the deficient materials, thus pioneering the path of the biographer. The industry and judgment with which she performed her task were alike remarkable. So ill that she could write but a few hours a day, and then suffering from a pain in the side which made writing a

torture, she wrought steadily on, bending into shape and preparing for use the intractable materials." Dr. Wayland gave her a very high commendation for her work.

While engaged with Dr. Wayland in preparing the Memoir, Mrs. Judson was necessarily concerned, also, in the care and culture of her family, in maintaining correspondence with her private friends and the friends of missions, and in battling with the insidious disease that was slowly but surely making its conquest over her system. And when the heaviest of her work on the biography was done she began to give attention to what seemed important to her financial interests—the preparation of some of her own writings for the press.

She first made a collection of her earlier poems, and of some later ones, the fugitive scintillations of the girl-mind and the product of maturer days. While she did not entertain an exalted opinion of her poetry, nor pique herself upon her popularity, she felt that there was a possible market for her wares, and that the exigencies of her family demanded an effort to realize from them. The volume was modestly entitled "An Olio of Domestic Verses." And she says that several of the pieces were written at the age of twelve, a large number at about sixteen, and very few of the later ones were intended to go beyond the family circle. By acts of partial friendship they had been preserved, and "meeting them unexpectedly, after an interval well calculated to sweep things so trivial from memory," and after all their struggles for existence, she thought she might be pardoned for *giving them a chance.* They were a "spontaneous growth," and she

claimed, with the boy of school memory, "I didn't whistle, sir; it whistled itself." The writer has possessed a copy of the Olio ever since it appeared, and has read and reread it with great delight. It contains as genuine "veins" as any book of poems.

Pending the completion of the Olio, Mrs. Judson settled the vexed question of a place of permanent residence. The main considerations pointed to Hamilton, the home of her parents, the locality of her fondest associations, a seat of superior schools, and a retreat from the confusion and the contingencies as to health that are experienced in the cities. But how could "the loggery" accommodate so many—the Chubbucks and Judsons? The necessity for more room gave occasion for a new purchase. She bought a commodious home on the main street, in the best part of the town; the residence of Dr. A. C. Kendrick when professor in Madison University.

Hither came the family, as now constituted, viz., the mother, Henry, Edward, Emily Frances, and the Burmese girl. The other three children were elsewhere, being cared for and educated. In June, her memorial month, even in her own death, Mrs. Judson took possession of the new home and commenced housekeeping; expecting that this would be the gathering place of the entire family, and that here she should spend the remainder of her life. Her parents, for whom she had expended the vigor of her girlhood, and who had rested on her heart as a sweet burden during all the intervening time, were now stooping low by the weight of years, and needed her even more than ever before. She was only too glad that they

had one to lean upon, though the staff had been weakened through the preying of unconquerable, life-long disease.

In August (1852) the Olio was given to the public, and in September a second edition. It had a good start, aided by special efforts to circulate it in the town and the University. But when the region of her acquaintance was supplied the best of her field was exhausted; and this fact, taken with the small royalty paid to authors, accounts for the smallness of her income from the sales. The Alderbrook was still selling, and the Memoir of Sarah B. Judson had been made over to her by the Missionary Union. Also, she had a small income from Dr. Judson's estate. But she had declined to accept the customary allowance of the Board for the widows of missionaries, and all her sources of supply were insufficient to meet the expenses of her now large family.

Thus she was still confronted with her old "destiny"—eating bread in the sweat of her face, and supplying it to others by the same means. She was familiar with an aching head, late hours, rejected manuscripts and tears of disappointment, and she could not reasonably anticipate the rising of any ghost that she had not at some time downed. So she buckled up the armor and launched anew into authorship. She first prepared a volume which she believed would promote the cause of missions, while it might yield her something for her work. The public had not ceased to criticise and bemean the foreign mission enterprise, and she was in a very suitable state of mind to reply to some of the critics who were ventilating their opin-

ions in the leading periodicals of the day. This volume was designed for such persons.

Its leading chapter, "*The Kathayan Slave*," which depicts the incredible brutality practiced in the death-prison at Ava, during the imprisonment of Dr. Judson, gives name to the book. Then follows the "Madness of the Missionary Enterprise," a lofty, overwhelming answer to the sneers of the *Unitarian Review*, *Edinburgh Review*, *New York Express*, *Boston Transcript*, and other pretentious "reviewers" of the mission cause in the East. The latter was first written for *The Macedonian*, a bright, little monthly which many remember. It is stated that it drew its inspiration from the tomb of Ann H. Judson, beside which it was composed during a month's stay at Amherst with her sick husband. "It is a most beautiful and eloquent plea for missions—an argument of masculine cogency, distilled in the alembic of a woman's heart." Other parts of the book have a similar intent and adaptedness, verse alternating with prose, and the whole constituting an entertaining and informing little volume that deserved a wider circulation than it obtained.

Of the poetic pieces included in "The Kathayan Slave" one will take rank among the most pathetic contributions to the literature of missions—"Mee Shway-ee." It versifies the sad, dreadful history of that little slave-child who was rescued by "a messenger of Jesus," and shows one direction that loving missionary effort takes. The circumstances giving rise to the poem deeply affected Mrs. Judson, and it being one of her most rhythmical productions she taught it from her bed of sickness to her little daughter, "My Bird,"

who still bears in memory and heart its touching sentiments of pity and love. As it is out of print it is here given, for the pleasure of the reader:

MEE SHWAY-EE.

In the tropic land of Burmah,
Where the sun grows never old,
And the regal-browed palmyra
Crowns her head with clouds of gold,
On a strange, wild promontory,
Close beside the rushing sea,
Listening ever to the billows,
Dwelt poor little Mee Shway-ee.

But along the sandy sea-shore,
Or amid the foliage green,
Stringing rows of crimson berries
Was the maiden never seen
Never twined she her black tresses
With the golden mazalee;
For a wild and woe-marked slave-child
Was poor little Mee Shway-ee.

And when in the hush of twilight
Rose a startling eldritch cry,
Answered by the gray-winged osprey,
Plunging seaward from the sky,
Then the village wives and maidens,
As they glanced from roof to sea,
Whispered of a human osprey,
And poor writhing Mee Shway-ee.

But a messenger of Jesus—
Him who, centuries ago,
Bared his bosom to the arrow
Winged by human guilt and woe,
And then said, "Go preach my gospel!
Lo! I'm evermore with thee";—
One who served this blessed Jesus,
Found poor, trembling Mee Shway-ee—

Found her wan and scarred and bleeding,
Mad with agony and sin;
So love's arms were opened widely,
And the sufferer folded in.
Tender fingers soothed and nursed her,
And 'twas wonderful to see
How the winning glance of pity
Tamed the elf-child, Mee Shway-ee.

For beneath those drooping eyelids
Shone a human spirit now,
And the light of thought came playing
Softly over lip and brow;
But her little footstep faltered,—
Beamed her eye more lovingly,—
And 'twas known that death stood claiming
Gentle, trusting Mee Shway-ee

But to her he came an angel,
Throned in clouds of rosy light—
Came to bear her to that Savior
Who had broke her weary night;
And with smiles she sought His bosom;
So, beside the rushing sea,
'Neath the weeping casuarina,
Laid they little Mee Shway-ee.

It can not be doubted that Mrs. Judson's ability as a writer was of great importance to the cause of missions. She occupied a sphere of service in which labor was much needed in her time, and is still needed. And she did not play with the subject; she comprehended it, and her writing was "argument running molten in a tide of holy passion." Her talent helped to form the diversity of gifts demanded then and now. Which kind is most serviceable, it is not in man to determine.

In connection with her writing in behalf of missions she performed another piece of work that drew heavily upon her heart. It was, probably, her last tribute of a literary character to the Chubbuck family. It was a labor of love, answering alike the requirement of her affections and sense of justice to the memory of the loved and lost, and more especially the desires of her mother, who had such a proper pride in her children. It was a memorial of Lavinia, the flower of the family, and of her younger sister Harriet, scarcely less remarkable. The materials of a Life of the former had once been gathered, and lost. Twenty-four years had passed since her death. Emily, her protégé, had reached the eminence toward which she had been led by her judicious instructions; she had attained position in both the literary and religious world, had compassed the hemisphere and returned, had seen the glories and the deformities of different continents, and now was back in the mother-nest, thinking over the hard experiences of other years and the virtues of those absent from the body and present with the Lord.

On a bright June morning in 1853—June, of course, to tally with events—the little horse and wagon, so familiar to students and town people, drew up to the door. Mrs. Judson, with her mother and sister Kate, took seats for a drive. "Simple Susey," their "dumb friend," was able, through some encouragement, to meet the draft made upon her by the great hill (known in the first part of this book as the "range on the west") which intervened between Hamilton and "Log City," as Eaton was called in olden times. The village church, the first sanctuary that Mrs. Judson's childhood feet

ever entered, was passed, then the stream in which her parents and Lavinia were baptized, and soon the old grave-yard, their objective point, was reached and entered. Changes required some searching for the grave. When found, and while the little party was sorrowing anew, a promise was evoked that the writer in the family would yet bring out the shining life of the one who had lain there a quarter of a century. It was done; and with it was coupled an account of her sister Harriet, equally promising, who died two and a half years later than Lavinia.

In the year following this visit Mrs. Judson produced the little volume entitled "My Two Sisters," and it was published by Ticknor, Reed & Fields, of Boston. It was one of those domestic offerings that show the very heart's blood, but which do not survive the family. It is so very touching, and even instructive, that one who is interested to read it through feels quite disposed to linger by it and partake of its sweet melancholy and heavenly influence. The reference to it here is the more justified by the fact that those two sisters were filled with the missionary spirit, and necessarily had an influence in favor of missions. Mrs. Judson says that there was something in the subject suited to the enthusiasm and resoluteness of Lavinia's character, as well as to her elevated faith, her warm love and her high views of Christian duty; and that her prayers "have most assuredly fallen back in floods of balm on aching brows and troubled hearts." And of Harriet, that she was as familiar with the literature of missions, then in circulation, as with the geography and history of her own country. Both longed for the work of sav-

ing the heathen, and did something toward forming Emily's convictions respecting the same work. Why should not these binary stars be embalmed in a missionary memorial, since they helped to make missionaries, as have many others whose shining is too far from public view to be recognized?

In counting all the precious boons
For which thanksgiving feasts are spread,
O let us not forget that chief
Among our treasures are our dead.

Let us give thanks that they have lived,
And on our lives such radiance poured,
That with the sunshine of the past
Our later, lonelier years are stored.

And that, removed from longer share
In these brief festivals of earth,
We feel their living presence still,
The angels of our home and hearth.

A light surpassing sun or star,
A breath more sweet than bursting flowers,
The ministry of souls beloved,
Gone hence, and yet forever ours.

O Father! let our dearest thanks
Be for the feast immortal said;
That death has set heaven's lamps aflame,
And Thou art nearer through our dead.

—*Mrs. F. C. Mace.*

XIII.

Eventide—*PREPARING FOR REST.*

> Day dawns before, but o'er the stream
> Heaven's morning shines; then how will seem
> The way so short, its woes a dream!
>
> E. L. E.—"*Stepping Heavenward.*"

THIS Memorial has thus far compassed about thirty-six most eventful years, to June 1853. Yet, some features of Mrs. Judson's character remain to be presented, and also the doings and experiences of the closing period and her joyful release from earth. It was a period of preparation for departure; setting her house in order, for she had the assurance that soon she should die.

Her estate, though not large, required careful management. The interests of her family and parents depended upon it. It was not sufficient that she care for them through her life-time; she must also provide for their support, if possible, after her busy brain should cease its earthly activity. The parents, now old and feeble, were more incapable than ever of meeting their own wants, while the Judson children must be reared and educated ere they would be prepared for self-support. To make the necessary provision, enfeebled by consumption as she was, required a regirding of the mental powers that had served her so well in darker days.

Her possessions consisted of the home and her literary writings, with the copyright of Dr. Wayland's Memoir of Dr. Judson. To meet the responsibilities mentioned, all must be made available to those dependent on them. And with death staring her in the face she began the work of final preparation. She first gave attention to the forthcoming Memoir. Illness in the family of Dr. Wayland, together with her familiarity with the subject and personal interest in the work, made it necessary for her to do the proof-reading and to aid in the superintendence of the publication. In about three months from the time the revision began, the work came from the press in two large volumes. The sale had already begun by subscription, and she was permitted to enjoy an income from it in the last months of her life.

The fame of Dr. Judson had excited in different publishers a desire to participate in the pecuniary benefits derivable from it. Mrs. Judson, on arriving in this country, found a Life already in circulation. She declined to recognize it, even though offered fifty dollars on each one thousand copies sold, knowing that it was not authentic and could not become standard. And now, as the Wayland Memoir, prepared under the auspices of the Missionary Union, was coming before the public, another work appears, in one volume, that seems likely to interfere greatly with her revenue. It aroused the combative elements of her nature, and gave her occasion to show that a poet and missionary, not less than others, could contend for her interests, even from a sick-bed. It led to trouble between the publisher and his critics, which was not ended when

she passed away. A great many copies were disposed of, but it is doubtful whether its circulation interfered with that of the larger work.

In three or four months after the broil began, Mrs. Judson, by advice of her trusted counsellors, Drs. Bright and Wayland, undertook an abridgment of the Memoir, for more popular circulation, but rapidly failing health admonished her to desist the task. By her request the work was carried on to completion by Mrs. H. C. Conant.

From this time, February, 1854, nothing whatever appears from her pen. Her work, properly so-called, was done; and of this fact she became conscious as soon as her friends. She would not strive to pass the appointed limit of labor and life for even so good an object as the embalmment of her husband's noble deeds in a popular biography. She had contemplated death for so long a time, and was so certain of its nearness now, that her mind readily yielded its accustomed activities when it appeared. "Be it as God wills," said she; "I would not interfere if I could."

For two months a brother conducted her correspondence, by her dictation. Her mind continuing to be clear, she maintained the care of the children, and did so judiciously and affectionately, not discriminating in favor of her own child in any of her bestowments. Every matter of interest to her predecessor's children awakened her profoundest sympathies. While she had the power she performed the duty of corresponding with the absent ones in respect to both their temporal and eternal interests; and her letters show a deep insight of human nature and clear understanding

of spiritual realities. She rejoices with them when they rejoice in a hope in Christ, and speaks tenderly to them respecting their trials. She advises them as to tempers and temptations, and with a clear conception of the attributes of "the man Christ Jesus" she was able to commend them to His helpful sympathy.

The separation of the children had been partially made some time previous to this last summer, and the older ones were living and being educated elsewhere. With patient attention to the case of each, Mrs. Judson determined their several homes, that their circumstances might be the best possible after she should die. Edward obtained a cordial and comfortable home in the family of Ebenezer Dodge, D. D., late president of Madison University, where he received care and training for ten years. He became an instructor in the University, and subsequently the projector of the great and successful enterprise of the Judson Memorial Church, New York City. His own mother left him in the tender hands of others at Maulmain, when she made her last voyage for health, ending in the harbor of St. Helena and the haven of Eternal Rest. His step-mother, also departing, fitted him out and saw him take his course toward his new home, peering from its wooded inclosure on the University heights, escorted by his little brother and tiny half-sister. The trio of children walked hand in hand to the appointed corner where they were to part, crossing and recrossing the street to postpone the moment of parting, as they feared that they should not see each other any more. Two came back, and Edward, "a little sickly, lonesome boy," as he says, was met at the door by the

good Professor, "who just opened those great arms of his and folded me in." It was but a small domestic scene, of which others than the family took no note, yet it expressed much—the wise provision of one whose heart's blood had been given, from her youth, in securing homes for those she loved, and whose foresight in this instance may have determined the rise of one of our most useful and honored men.

Emily Frances, her own daughter and Heaven's best benediction upon her Burman home, was provided for with equal prudence and love. Her life-long and accomplished friend, Miss Anable, of Philadelphia, was chosen to rear and educate her; a privilege she fully honored, for the love she bore to the child and to the distinguished mother. After a few years the toil-worn father of Mrs. Judson and his equally toil-worn helpmeet passed away, and their comfortable home was left to the remaining daughter, Kate, who at this writing continues to live in Hamilton.

As already intimated, Mrs. Judson became owner of the Memoir of her husband. Through the marked generosity of its author the copyright had been presented to her, and it added very greatly to her income. Dr. Wayland, in declining an invitation to lecture, said: "I am engaged in Dr. Judson's Memoir, which takes all my time. I am doing it for the widow and the orphan, and they need it." He afterward said: "It has taken a year of my time when years begin to grow few."

In closing her business, Mrs. Judson remembered the cause of missions to the heathen and gave it the supreme place in her will. The orphanage of seven

children and the exile of the native Burman girl in her home were calculated to touch her heart when about to go from them forever. To properly honor her affections and to maintain her loyalty to the object to which she had consecrated her life, called for scrupulous if not perplexing thought. The natural inclination to bestow upon children more than necessary seems to have been resisted; not permitted to come before the blessed privilege of doing for those who were in a sadder condition than that of orphans—who were *lost*. Her heart and her judgment were in singular unanimity in the final disposition.

She provided a life annuity for her parents, ample for their necessities. Also devised that the children should receive amounts sufficient for their support and education, until their schooling should be completed, whether literary or professional, or both. In this no discrimination was made in favor of her own daughter. All shared alike. To the Burman servant she gave a sum considerably more than sufficient to pay her passage back to her home in India. Then the Missionary Union was to receive the residue. At that time there was prospect of good returns from the publishers of the various books to which reference has been made; but this income has no doubt greatly diminished.

By turning to the Treasurer's reports we find that her benevolence while living was by no means stinted. Such entries as the following are indicative of a consecration of definite returns to the missionary work: "Mrs. E. C. Judson, for money received from publishers of the Memoir of Sarah B. Judson, $132.12." Ditto, the following month, $112.77. Again, $517.83. The

first two gifts were made from Maulmain, in the sorrow and uncertainty of her first months of widowhood. She seems to have had the full development of the Judson characteristic, viz.: Once for the heathen, always and all for the heathen. It is probable that she gave more to the Missionary Union than it ever expended on her account, besides the support rendered by advocating the missionary enterprise in her writings.

The time for her removal from the land of her affliction came steadily, but not so speedily as her friends supposed it would. True, she had wasted away until she seemed as one dead, and her faculties had lost their cunning. The Spring brought no revival of strength nor renewal of vitality; yet it gratified her life-long love for sunshine and flowers, the emblems of the glorified life to which she was going. While the "outward man" was perishing, the inward was being renewed. Though constantly losing physical ability, she was continually gaining spiritual strength; so that when her death was announced as very near, she quickly rallied from the slight shock it gave her, as she thought of helpless parents and her "little Emmy," and was very soon perfectly composed She was weary. For a life-time she had not been free from care, toil and pain, and now she saw the release.

She had been fitted by her sufferings to look properly upon death and heaven. "It is not," she said, "the pearly gates and golden streets of heaven that attract me; it is its perfect rest in the presence of my Savior. It will be *so* sweet after a life of care and toil like mine —though a very pleasant one it has been, and I am

only weary of the care and toil because I have not strength to endure them. This lack of strength is dreadful. I have been wasted to a mere skeleton, and suffered the most excruciating pain, but it was nothing in comparison with my present sufferings." Further: "I have not one pain to spare. I feel sure that God will never send a pain that I do not really need to fit me for the rest I hope to enjoy in heaven."

She had been ill during so much of her life that she had seen occasion to cultivate the more necessary virtues; and these were brought as nearly to perfection as they are ordinarily found to be in this world. She triumphed over the fear of the grave, and over the pain of separation from dependent ones. Like one going to a far country, expecting to be followed, but only after a protracted period, she was anxious to make the most possible of existing opportunities for indulging the affections and preparing for the separation. Each morning she insisted on being dressed and carried down stairs, in order to enjoy the society of the loved while permitted to live.

At length her favorite month arrived—"gladsome, joyous June." She had wished to die in this month, and confidently expected to do so. God had shown his regard for her, his suffering saint, by revealing to her the time of this event. His secret is with them that fear Him. The first day of June was one of the loveliest ever known in the lovely village of Hamilton. Birds and flowers vied with each other for supremacy, and, in her own words, "the rich, warm flush of summer noon rested on the golden hills."

In the morning she was aroused by her sister, who

inquired, "Emily, do you know that it is June?" "Yes; my month to die." "She was dressed," the account continues, "and carried down stairs as usual; but in the afternoon one of her terrible attacks of suffocation came on, occasioned by the utter wasting of her lungs. She lingered until ten in the evening in great agony; the pain then subsided, and after a few minutes, sweetly and tranquilly, without a groan or the movement of a muscle, she breathed out her life on the bosom of her sister."

On the following morning, Saturday, announcement of the event was made in the University chapel, accompanied with a general invitation to the students to visit the bereaved home during the day and take a final view of the deceased. It was fitting that those whose appreciation of such a character was being cultivated should have this opportunity; and one by one the mournful company, who had heard of her in terms of praise, or seen her in weeds in the sanctuary on Sabbath mornings, filed to and from the home she had rendered so precious by her earnings and her beautiful death. The institution felt that the genii of the locality had lost their star.

The Sabbath came, dawning in splendor and stillness. Her pew was vacant. Early in the afternoon, after a brief service at the home, a procession of friends bore the remains northward, along the walk on the west side of the main street, beneath the maples and before the beds of flowers that regaled the living and seemed to bedeck the dead. Reaching the cemetery, the body was lowered to its bed in the lot the deceased herself had provided; then the company re-

turned and entered the church to complete the obsequies. The large house was full, floor and galleries. The family pew and those adjoining were occupied by the relatives and immediate sympathizers—the Judson children, Miss Anable, Dr. Peck, Corresponding Secretary Missionary Union, and others. Rev. George W. Eaton, D. D., president of the Theological Seminary, preached a most appropriate and impressive sermon, on the words "But some have fallen asleep." He gave a succinct review of the noble career of Mrs. Judson, with which he had been fully conversant, and paid a just tribute to her many virtues.

A short time previous to her death she had ordered to be placed on her lot in the cemetery a simple, neat head-stone, to be inscribed

My husband
and
Angel Charles.

At the side of this simple cenotaph, after her burial there, loving hands erected a similar stone, and upon it placed the expressive words,

Dear Emily.

Students and visitors to Hamilton will continue to seek the quiet spot where the dust of Fanny Forester reposes and flowers bloom. There, too, they will find the graves of the parents for whose lives she gave her youthful powers, and who early followed her to the Land of Rest.

Hamilton rejuvenates year by year, sloughing off the old and putting on the new. June comes at her appointed times and decorates these humble graves,

with the faithfulness of one loving and loved. The community has changed again and again; the University and even its name, have changed; Alderbrook is barely a name; but Nature maintains her identity and Heaven its reality. Others have come upon the stage of intellectual action and justly obtained recognition, while Emily Chubbuck, in common with others of great merit, is cherished by the diminishing number who remember what she did, or by those who may stumble upon a copy of the "Alderbrook" or the "Olio."

More than one-third of a century has passed since that beautiful Sunday on which Hamilton people thought of little except the life and character of her whom they were memorializing. They have since followed other distinguished persons to their graves, and she has receded from view; yet equally long has she been developing in the perfect life, amid unfading glories. Many of the excellent of the earth, not renowned, have followed her from the same church, and the stream along which they walk and the fruits they gather, and the light and love they enjoy, are a thousand-fold more satisfying than perpetual remembrance on earth.

There is, however, a reproductiveness in a good life which adds a charm to history. The seeds of kindness find a lodgment in so many places that results are perpetuated, and he is a poor observer who does not discover them. Moreover, they are very ungrateful, and losers of a fine inspiration, who, knowing of them, fail to so enshrine them as to assure their permanent benefits in this world. The good fruit will be greater as the memorials are better preserved.

The author can scarcely keep back the statement that his admiration for the character of Mrs. Judson, strengthened by his stay at Hamilton during her last years, was a motive of some prominence to the writing of this biography. He hopes to bring it to the attention of the youth of this country for their study. Such an example of love and loyalty, and of superiority to circumstances, must not be allowed to pass into oblivion. Many a despairing child of misfortune seeing it may take heart again.

And thus, when character has been made, there will be readiness for the world's work and opportunity to obtain its highest immunities. The cause of God and of man is constantly demanding true power. When ready to do good service, the door will open. Good missionaries are made of those who have quality; not of such as may be conformed to a particular pattern. With the right discipline they will seize an occasion, meet circumstances, and bring something to pass. Had Mrs. Judson been favored with health and time, her record might not have been surpassed among the women on the field. She took hold of the language with zeal and zest, and made rapid headway in acquiring it; was able, after a short time, to render Dr. Judson aid on his dictionary, and to write Burmese elegantly. Her sympathy with missionary work is best conveyed in her own lines:

> To loose the prisoned flutterer's wing,
> Touch the degraded spirit's spring,
> To give a songster to the sky,
> A voice to swell the choir on high,—
> Oh, if there be for man a bliss,
> Above what angels feel, 'tis this!

A very just and appreciative estimate of her character was given in the *Missionary Magazine*, after her death, undoubtedly from the pen of the accomplished Secretary, Dr. Solomon Peck. The following is an extract:

Not only was her choice of a missionary life made from a sense of religious duty, and with entire simplicity of aim, but it must be said—in justice to her memory and on the testimony of those best situated to form an intelligent judgment—that for it she had evident aptitude and qualification. The comparative brevity of her term of service, and the quiet uniformity of labor in which her husband was for the most part engaged, prevented as full a disclosure of these qualities as might have been made under different circumstances. But she endeared herself to her missionary associates, and her name is still mentioned with gratitude by Burmese of her own sex, who were objects of her affectionate and Christian solicitude. And no one who compares her earlier with her later writings can fail to see how the great enterprise, to which her life was at length given, at once heightened their tone and lent increased weight and force to her pen.

Her departure was tranquil, as it had been long expected. Her work was done—in the judgment of man, we must believe, and, we may hope, in the sight of Him whose favor she counted the supreme good of her soul—well done.

XIV.

Supplementary—"*MADNESS OF THE MISSIONARY ENTERPRISE.*"

"Year by year, and sun by sun,
Grows the work of Christ begun;
Heart by heart, and soul by soul,
Speeds the bright Millennial goal;
Land by land, and sea by sea,
Yields the shout of victory."

THIS tribute of honor will be most fittingly concluded by giving parts of the article on the "Madness of the Missionary Enterprise"; the first and the last paragraphs, omitting the main, the satirical and argumentative portions. Let it be remembered that fully forty years of triumph and trophy have elapsed since they were written. Mrs. Judson's day was one of faith; ours one of sight. How well she honored the draft upon her faith the following will indicate:

As I stood not long since in the shadow of the Hopia tree, overlooking the mouldering ashes of one who, in the words of the early Jerusalem church, had "hazarded her life for Christ," and as I thought of all she had suffered, all she had done and dared, the words of her reviewer rushed upon my mind with almost overpowering force. Boodhistic temples and pagodas still decorate the little promontory on which her grave is made; and monks, with shaven crowns and trailing yellow robes, still promenade the streets, and are rev-

erenced as oracles by the blinded idolaters of Amherst, while all that remains to tell of her is this grassy mound and this mildewed, mossy marble. And may it not, after all, be true that her sacrifice was vain—that "the enterprise was uncalled for," —"that she had better have remained at home?"

* * * * * *

Is this wise?—is it reasonable?—will it do any good?—inquires the stranger; and while he sits down to doubt and cavil and search for lions in the way, the unquestioning child goes away and does the Father's bidding. That which is madness and folly in the eyes of one, is regarded by the other as but a simple, affectionate, trustful act of obedience to Him who has the right to control and the power to protect. They have no fears of what the end may be when He who sees the end from the beginning is directing them. They have not to experiment, and question, and tread doubtfully along the tangled wilderness of life. They have a great, unerring Guide, and it is their glory to follow His voice and cling to His hand through whatever He shall choose to lead them; to believe, to trust, to rejoice in Him, even in the midst of temporary afflictions. And thus it is that they shrink not from the privations and dangers and difficulties incident to His service, feeling it their highest honor to be permitted to suffer for His sake. Oh, the love of Christ! the love of Christ! this it is which constitutes the spirit and essence of missionary devotion; and to those who have never drunk from the delicious fountain, who have not yet been made subjects of that wondrous prayer, "As thou hast loved me," it may well be looked upon as infatuation.

But "what has been the fruit of all these labors and sufferings—of all these privations, sacrifices, sicknesses and deaths?" Nothing to become the ground of boasting, certainly; but enough to make all heaven rejoice. Simply the maturing of a few early clusters of grapes, where only the thorn-tree grew; the gathering of a few golden sheaves from the arid soil which never bore even a blade of grass before. And this is surely worth the labor, if only as the precursor of a more bountiful harvest. But this is not all that has been done. Behold the rivers of water on their fertilizing course through the desert; look upon the shores and fields laid in long, rich furrows by the gospel plow-share, or stirred and leveled, and wetted with the dews of heaven, waiting for the sower's coming! And there are panting hearts, and extended hands, and ready feet, waiting, even as the Master wills it, to scatter the seed or gather in the harvest.

Ay, go traverse America from the borders of fair New England to the sounding shores of the Pacific; count, if they can be counted, the various missionary organizations that have sprung up within the last half century. Go watch the movements of the thousands and tens of thousands of churches by which Christendom is bespangled, and see with what simultaneous action they step forth to the support of the mighty enterprise. Nay, look even at the female sewing circle, the Sunday school contribution, the infant's penny box; for know that such are the tiny rills which feed the measureless ocean. Go catch the watchword, "To every creature! To every creature!" which sounds forth a simultaneous shout from missionary societies

of every evangelical sect; for this one point admits of no jarring or discord. Go to the records of the Bible Society and number the tribes and nations who have already received the Word of God in their own tongue; then turn to these same nations and see them quivering like the leaves of November before the invisible power which is stealing so irresistibly over them. Go, on a holy Sabbath morning, and follow the course of the sun, as he rises on the easternmost port of China, till he climbs over the rocky hills of the far West to garnish the infant spires of Oregon and California. And what changes have not fifty—thirty—ten—nay, five years wrought throughout that Sabbath track! How the music of the church-bells thrills upon the Christian's heart, as on, from port to port, he takes his joyous way! How few and inconsiderable the spots from which the voice of prayer and praise ascends not, and in which that "Light of the world," a Christian church, has not been kindled.

"And what may reasonably be expected to be the fruit?" Ah! that is a theme to stir the golden harps of heaven anew, and make the wide earth vibrate to the joyful harmony. It looks forward to a time when the great family of man shall be united in one holy brotherhood; and there shall be no more war, no more oppression and cruelty, no sinning and no woe. So shall the crimson stain be wiped from the brow of the nations; and the lamb and the dove shall nestle in the shadow of the Cross—their peaceful emblems. Then shall the strong protect the weak, and the greatest and most powerful become voluntary servants of the lowly; for the highest type of greatness will be to benefit man-

kind. This is no poetical illusion—no fair Utopian fancy; nor even a half-formed expectation based on man's weak reason. The believing child knows as certainly as he knows there is a God in heaven that the mission enterprise can not fail until it usher in that Sabbath of the world—the Christian Jubilee. And he knows that in that day of Eden purity, and more than Eden elevation, when the lamb and the lion shall lie down together, and *Holiness* shall be inscribed even on the bells of the horses—when the empire of the Son of God shall extend "from sea to sea and from the rivers unto the ends of the Earth"—there will be in the history of the past no brighter page than the humble tracery of these small beginnings. And when, at last, the heavens are rolled together as a scroll, and the earth disappears from among her sister planets, the fruits of this enterprise shall give richness to the bloom of heaven; and transmuted to enduring jewels, shall glow with resplendent brilliancy in the crown of man's Redeemer.